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READING
CONVERSATION
COMPOSITION



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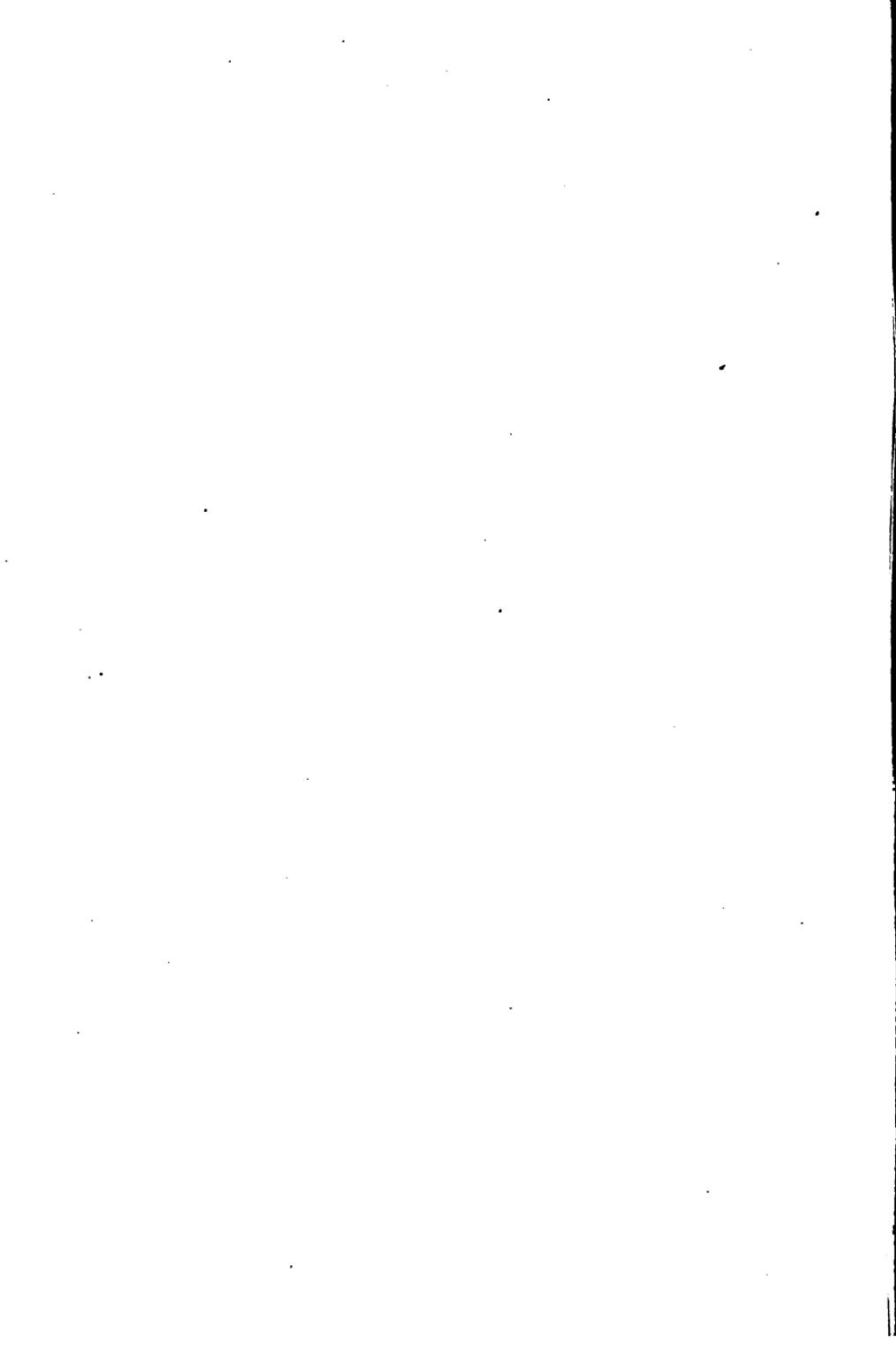


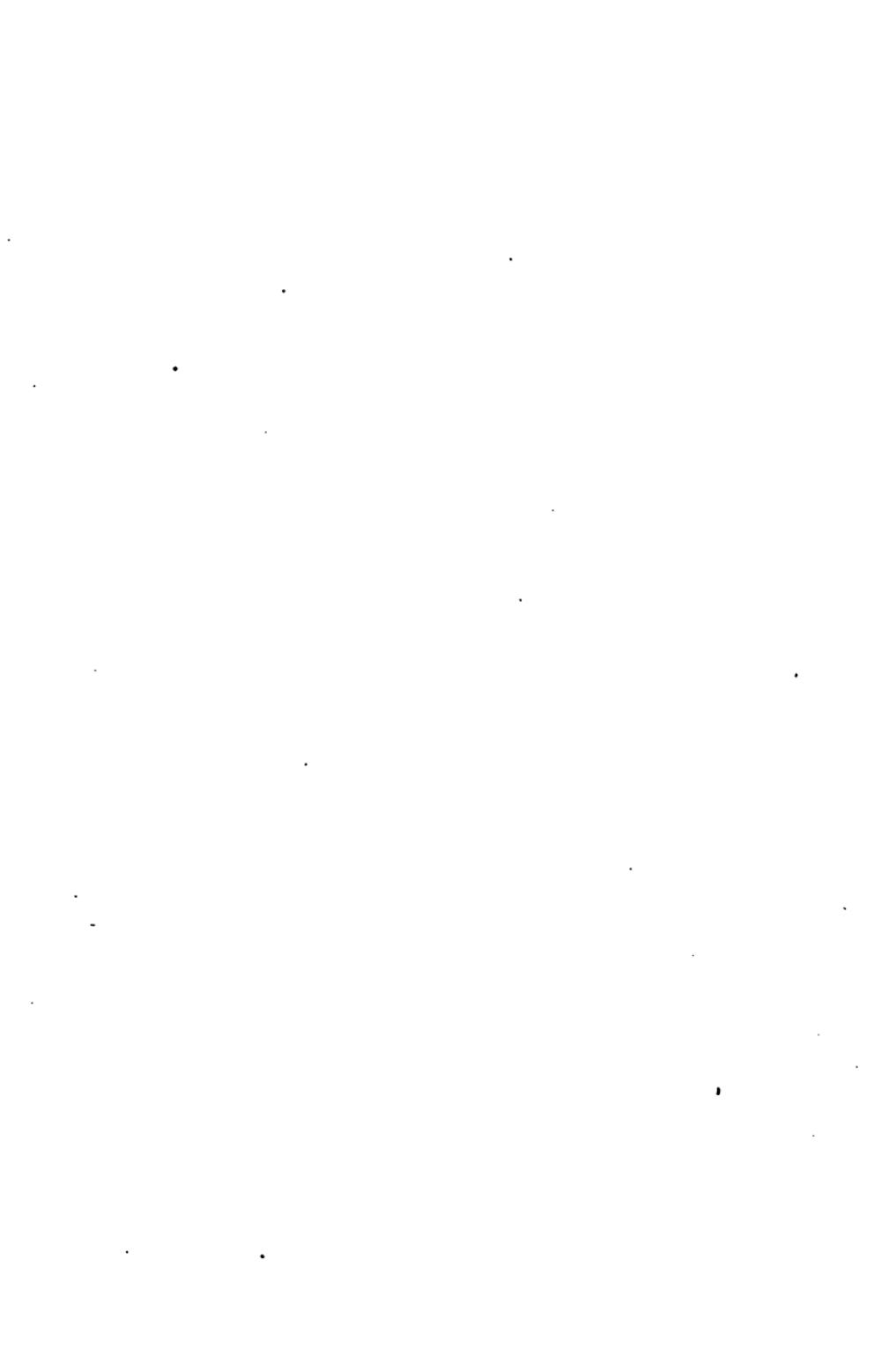
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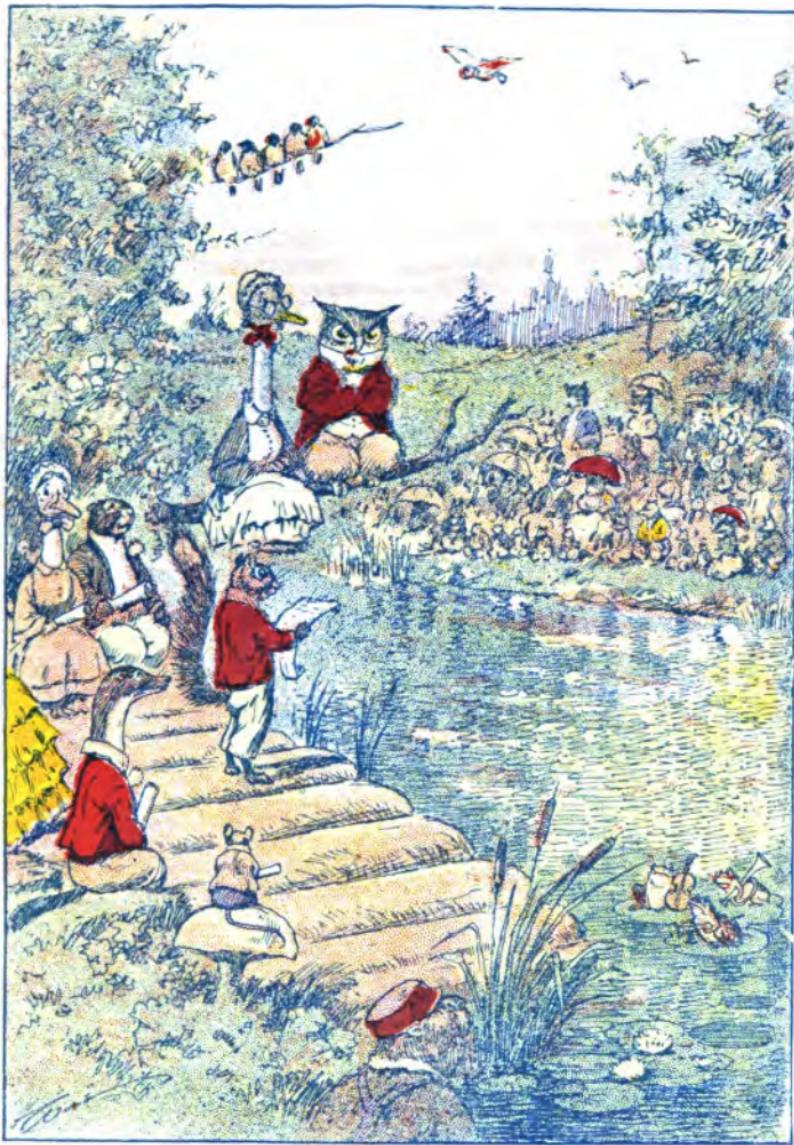




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TINY REDSQUIRREL WAS THE LAST OF HIS
CLASS TO APPEAR BEFORE THE AUDIENCE.

WILLIAMS' LANGUAGE SERIES

READING CONVERSATION COMPOSITION

BY
J. D. WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED



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PREFACE

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story-book
Thy father has written for thee."

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Once on a time, a little boy was taken from the noise and bustle of city life to a sparsely settled land where a great forest stretched away in every direction. To this land his parents came to make a home in the heart of the deep wood. A large log house had been built in an open space from which great oaks, beeches, maples, and other trees had been removed and here, surrounded by nature's forms and activities, they lived many years.

What a great change this experience was to this little boy! How wonderful this new world seemed to him! Here were flowers of every hue, bees, birds, butterflies, and many other interesting things to excite his childish wonder. He soon learned the names of the shrubs, the trees, the wild fruits, and the flowers; and the habits of the honey gatherers, the feathered folk, and the little animals of the wood.

This story has its foundation in these experiences and was written in the hope that it will prove

interesting and instructive to many children. It teaches its young readers to see material things as they really are, so that the early impressions shall always be the true ones; it teaches them to apply the same careful habit of observation to language forms and constructions, so they shall know how thoughts must be expressed, and more than that, how they may be expressed beautifully. It is believed that it will influence them to observe nature's works closely,—the beauty of the dense foliage of spring, in the myriad forms of life, in nest-building and bird music, in the vitality of growth, in the sweet beneficence of the universal mother, so that they may come to know there are

“Tongues in trees,
Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones,
And good in everything.”

Acknowledgments are due to Wilber Herschel Williams for assistance in the preparation of the text of this volume; to Florence Holbrook for the language exercises; to Frances Squire Potter, Cornelia B. deBey, James M. Greenwood, and Z. C. Spencer, for literary criticism and helpful suggestions.

J. D. W.

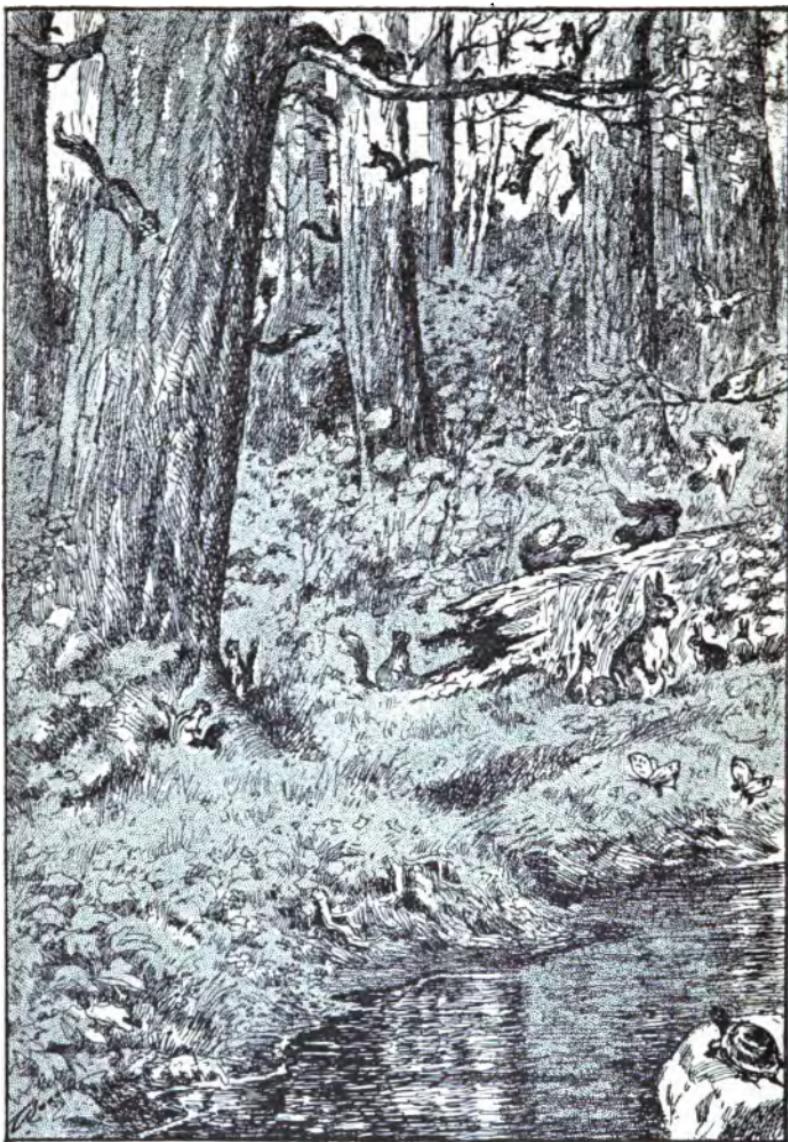
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SQUIRRELTOWN.

Tiny Redsquirrel

CHAPTER 1.

Have you ever heard of Squirreltown? It is a town of quaint homes in the woods, in which little animals live together as contentedly as though they were human beings. The whole town is roofed over by leafy bowers, and carpeted with wild flowers. All day long butterflies flit about in the shimmering sunlight, and by night thousands of fairies come out to dance in the pale moonlight.

In this town there once dwelt a young red squirrel named Tiny. He lived with his mother near the top of an oak tree. Mrs. Redsquirrel was a poor but industrious widow. Although red squirrels are said to be the most mischievous animals of the forest, she had taught Tiny to conduct himself in a proper way. In fact, he was much better behaved than Chatty Chipmunk, who lived in the ground at the foot of the tree.

One morning early in the autumn, while the weather was yet warm, Tiny's mother said to him, "You must bestir yourself, Tiny! Now is the time to gather acorns, seeds, and other food for the winter."

As he sat sipping water from a hollow acorn, he observed how anxiously his mother gazed at him. "Why do you look so sad?" he asked.

"I am getting too old to work," she answered, and she wiped the tears from her black eyes. Then abruptly she turned to look through the window. It was a small hole covered with a silken curtain that had been woven by a spider.

"Please don't cry, mother," implored Tiny. He put down his acorn, went over to his mother and drew her down upon a little couch made of moss. "I am willing to work hard to support you. Perhaps some day I shall become great. Who can tell?"

"But I want you to have a fine education," said his mother, looking with pride at her son, "and we have no good schools!"

"Perhaps a fairy may find me a good school. I can work to pay my way!" cheerfully suggested Tiny. "I have heard that those who do this make the best students." He fanned his mother with a small peacock feather. He thought that she might drop into a doze, for he knew that she had not been sleeping much of late, but just then a persistent rapping at the tree began.

"It must be Mr. Woodpecker," said Mrs. Red-squirrel with a sigh. "Every day he comes over to rap this tree. The noise makes my head ache."

"Please sit still. I'll go outside to see what he wants," said Tiny, hastening from the room.

"Hello!" he cried lustily.

Mr. Woodpecker did not answer. He was digging his long, straight, pointed beak into the bark of the tree. His stiff tail was spread out to prop his body, for woodpeckers would not be such good climbers if they had no tails. His suit was black and white, and he wore a jaunty scarlet cap.



"GO AWAY AND DO NOT COME BACK AGAIN," COMMANDED TINY.

mother."

"Go away! and do not come back again," commanded Tiny, vexed at the bird's display of good humor. "Hush, Tiny!" called Mrs. Redsquirrel,

"Sir," said Tiny, "you annoy my mother. Furthermore, Mr. Graysquirrel, who owns this tree, will make you pay dearly for all the damage you are doing to his property."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Woodpecker, turning his head to one side and looking down at the squirrel. "I am not destroying property. I am digging into the bark to find insects. Mr. Graysquirrel, your landlord, told me that I might have all I could find. He said it was they who greatly annoy his tenants. Pardon me for disturbing your

thrusting her dainty nose through the window. "I am glad that Mr. Woodpecker is so kind as to destroy those horrid insects. I thought at first that he was tapping the tree because he wished to trouble me. We animals are always ready to imagine disagreeable things."

Tiny came back into the house and to cover his chagrin began to get the storeroom in order.

His mother gathered up the nut-shell cups and placed them in a hollow gourd. As they worked she talked. "Mr. Woodpecker is a clever creature," she said. "I never before saw a bird that could use his bill with such ease and swiftness."

Tiny did not reply. He was thinking very hard, and the idea that he was going to support his mother made him feel very important.

"Woodpeckers do a great deal of good by destroying grubs and insects," his mother went on. "I have heard that in a far-away land there lives one kind that feeds chiefly on acorns, and stores them away for the winter as squirrels do. They make small holes in the soft bark of dead trees and pack the acorns in these holes by pounding them with their bills."

"Now I am ready to start," interrupted Tiny. "Perhaps I can get Chatty Chipmunk to go with me."

"If you do, don't let him lead you into bad company!" warned Mrs. Redsquirrel. "He is very mischievous. He causes his parents much trouble."

At that moment Peggy and Bushy Graysquirrel

came running into the room, without stopping to knock at the door.

"Good morning, Mrs. Redsquirrel," said Peggy.

"We are going over to the Beech Hotel to spend the day with the Blacksquirrel family," said Bushy, too much excited to draw a long breath. "Come along with us, Tiny. We will play ripple."

"What is ripple?" asked Mrs. Redsquirrel.

"Oh, it is a fine game!" exclaimed Peggy. "All the squirrels get out on the bough of a tree. Each one throws a nut or a pebble into the brook, and the one that makes the biggest circle gets the prize."

"Do you want to go, Tiny?" asked his mother.

"No, mother," said Tiny bravely. "I like to play ripple, but I must gather our winter store before the cold rains begin."

"Please come with us," coaxed pretty Bushy, flashing her dark eyes straight into his own.

"I cannot go," he declared stolidly, turning his back upon her.

"Is he really going to work?" asked Bushy, looking from one to the other in a bewildered way.

"Yes, I am," replied Tiny, and he took down his hunting bag from the wall.

In another moment a little red squirrel ran down the tree and was lost to view.

CHAPTER II.

Tiny went to the home of Chatty Chipmunk. The Chipmunks do not like the trees or the air or the sunshine as the Redsquirrel family do. Like most animals of their kind, they live in the ground.

Tiny entered the door and passed through a hall several feet in length. At the further end of the hall was a small opening which led to a room but little larger than the shell of a cocoanut. Chatty was alone, fast asleep.



"HOW CAN YOU SLEEP ON A BEAUTIFUL DAY LIKE THIS?"

"How can you sleep on a beautiful day like this?" cried Tiny, playfully pulling Chatty's whiskers.

"I was only taking a nap," sleepily responded

Chatty. "My parents and brothers are out in the beech trees. I wanted to have a good rest, so I stayed at home. I cannot sleep well at night, because our house is crowded."

"I am going out to gather our winter store," said Tiny. "Don't you want to come with me?"

"I should very much like to go, thank you," returned Chatty, although he had refused to go with his family. "But you see, I cannot work hard when I work, though I can work hard when I play."

They soon left the chipmunk home and started forth on their journey. They had not gone very far before Chatty began to complain.

"The sun is very warm, and it makes me drowsy," said he. "How I do dislike to work! I am glad that I am not a beaver, for beavers work all the time."

"I should think you would wish to help your family," said Tiny. "What will become of you in the winter if you do not have plenty of food?"

"I will sleep all the time," replied the chipmunk, yawning drowsily.

He was about to lie down to rest, when he espied a great yellow butterfly with wings that shone like gold. She was fast asleep upon a thistle.

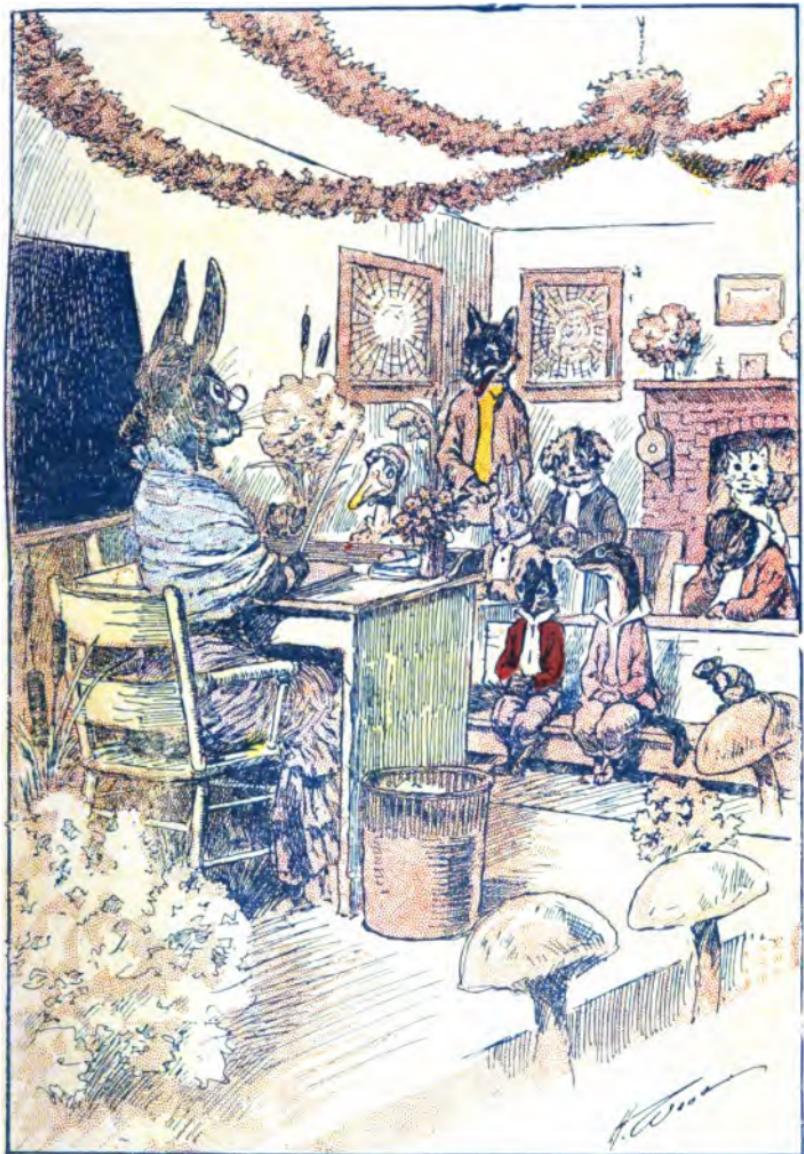
Chatty dashed after her, but she flew from thistle to bush and flower, not at all frightened. After he had tired himself running, he sat down, panting.

"Your winter store will soon be gathered if you

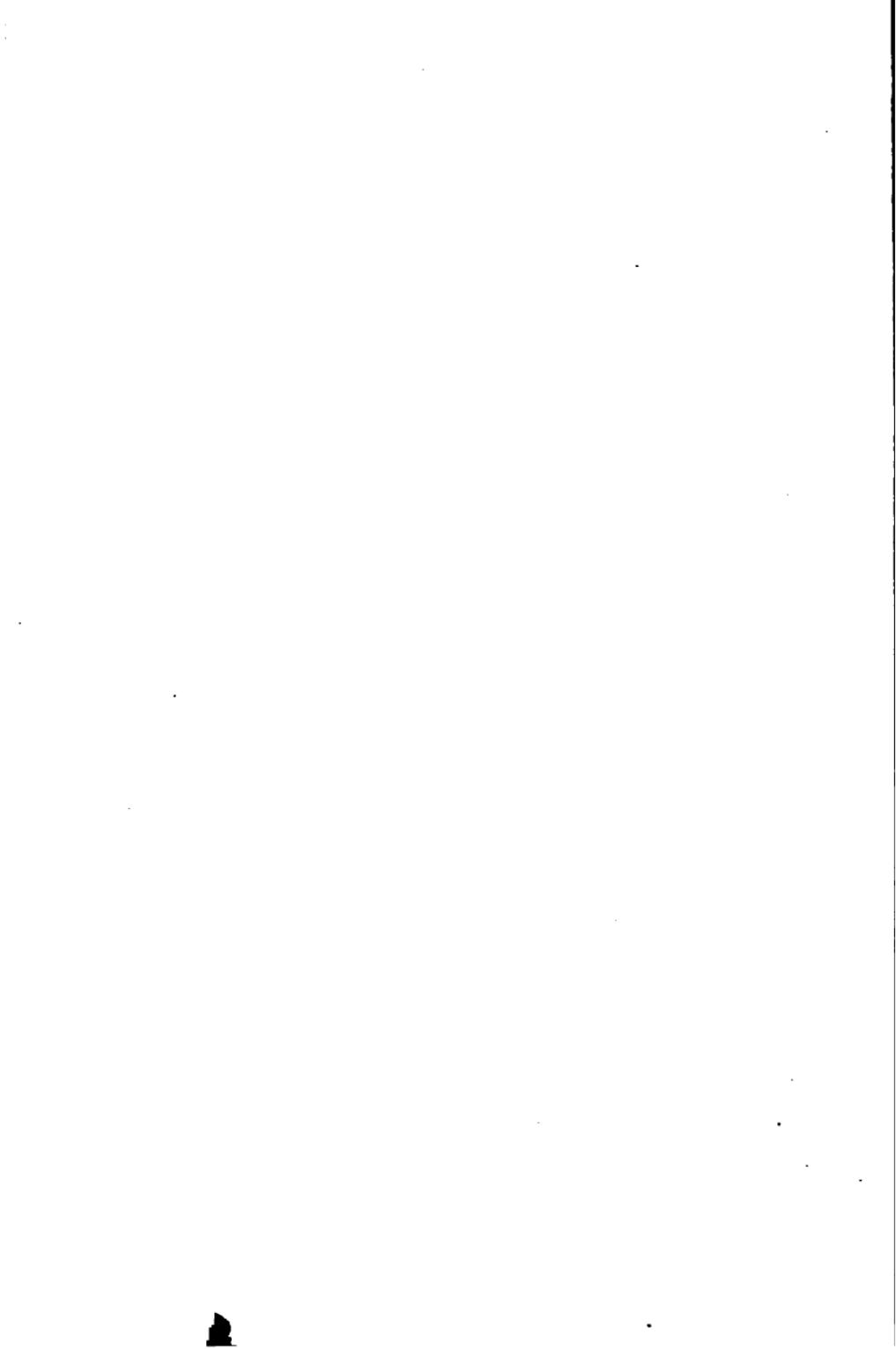
spend as much energy in working as you have in running," said Tiny, his eyes twinkling.

"It is great sport to chase butterflies," said Chatty. "They are such stupid creatures, yet they are very pretty. Who ever heard of sleeping on a thistle?"

"I think it would be much more comfortable than to sleep in a hole in the ground," replied Tiny. "Mother said that butterflies always seem to match the seasons." Tiny, without knowing it, began to imitate his mother's voice and her way of talking. He spoke more slowly than she did, however, for he was trying hard to remember all she had told him about the pretty things. "When the world is still brown and bleak and the spring sun is beginning to warm things into life, the brown and black butterflies come. Then, when the violets spread carpets over the vales and in the woodlands, the blue butterflies appear. In summer come the queenly swallow-tail butterflies, clad in red, copper, and burnished silver. Often one dressed in pure white may be seen, for white is very comfortable to wear in warm weather. It reflects the hot rays of the sun. In the autumn the yellow and orange butterflies are more numerous. They are the color of the goldenrod and the sunflowers and the brown-eyed Susans. The yellow butterflies like to sip the honey from the yellow flowers, but the white butterflies seem to prefer the white clover. They are the most beautiful of all insects. Their four wings are colored on both sides. When



MISS HARE'S SCHOOL.



they rest, their wings stand straight up and do not fold."

"Butterflies are very queer animals," said Chatty ungraciously. He was vexed with butterflies, because he knew so little about them. "Why do they sleep with their wings held high above their heads? I should think they would get so sound asleep that they would forget to hold them up."

"It is natural for them to hold up their wings," laughed Tiny. "Do you forget to breathe when you are sound asleep?"

"Of course not," retorted Chatty, "nor do I forget to eat when I am hungry. However, I cannot see why the butterfly sleeps in such a silly position."

"Some of them slowly open and shut their wings all the time they are asleep," explained Tiny. "I never knew another creature that sleeps so gracefully as the butterfly does. I would rather take a nap on a thistle in the sunshine than roll up in a fluffy ball and sleep in a dark hole in the ground. You must not criticise those whose customs are different from yours. Perhaps the butterfly is quite as much amused at you."

"There she goes again!" cried Chatty, suddenly. "I wish I were a flying-squirrel, that I might catch her. Wait a moment until I frighten her again."

Chatty began to chase the butterfly once more. He was accustomed to running without looking where he was going, so he did not see the danger that awaited him.

Splash! Chatty fell into the creek and disappeared from sight. The butterfly flew safely across the stream.

Tiny was not alarmed, for he knew that his companion could swim. Soon the chipmunk's little nose appeared above the water. After a great deal of splashing, he reached the bank of the stream, very much chagrined.



SPLASH! CHATTY FELL INTO THE CREEK AND DISAPPEARED FROM SIGHT.

"I think I must have been more scared than the butterfly was," he admitted, as he shook his fur. "I am as tired as I can be and as wet as a fish. Where is the butterfly?"

"Over on yonder blue-flag, fast asleep," said Tiny.

CHAPTER III.

Chatty smiled foolishly and Tiny laughed heartily. The butterfly rested a long time. Then she flew away. The birds chattered gayly as the sun smiled brightly. The brook gurgled with glee and flowed merrily on. The chipmunk seemed wide awake after his drenching. For a half hour he scurried briskly along.

"Not far away some fine blackberries grow on low bushes," he said. "We will find them and feast until dusk. When we become sleepy we will nap for a while."

"We have wandered from our path," protested Tiny. "We are lost!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Chatty. "Someone will show us the way home. Squirreltown is the greatest city in the world."

"Do you remember those hunters who passed through Squirreltown not long ago?" asked Tiny. "They said that London is the largest city in the world. The East contains many great cities."

"You are dreaming," laughed the chipmunk. "I have heard of every large city. Squirreltown has the most inhabitants, and Gray Fox Center comes next. How many squirrels live in London?"

"London is filled with people, not with squirrels. Those hunters that frightened us the other day are people. They live in houses," explained Tiny.

"How I should dislike London!" cried Chatty. "Do all people look as fierce as those hunters? I thought that hunters dwelt in holes in the ground. I supposed that they played in the trees and wandered about with huge guns and frightened little animals for amusement. I imagine that people must look very much like bears."

"Many of them do," assented Tiny with a wise nod. "However, they do not walk on four legs, but straight up like storks. We must roam no farther. Let us gather these beech nuts and collect them in little heaps."

"No, indeed," said his companion, as he rose from his couch. "I want some blackberries."

"O Chatty, an odd-looking animal comes from the trunk of that hollow tree. It is a bear!" cried Tiny.

"Oh!" gasped Chatty. His eyes opened wide with fear and surprise. "We must hide."

For a moment they gazed at the stranger who stood before them. He sniffed the grass that grew around a stump, but watched them steadily. The little foragers remained quite still and struggled for courage.

"Be calm," said the queer creature in a friendly voice. "I am hunting for something green and tender. Fear not, for I never attack such small creatures as you."

“What are you, sir?” asked Tiny, remembering his mother’s instructions to speak courteously.

“I am a raccoon and I live in that hollow tree,” said the animal. “I once dwelt in a village which lies a hundred miles away. Leachburg is its name. The inhabitants called me Brother Raccoon. My given name is Sambo, my wife’s name is Serena, and we named our sons Simon and Solomon. For-



THE LITTLE FORAGERS REMAINED QUITE STILL AND STRUGGLED FOR COURAGE.

merly I was a pet in a family of people. While with them I learned a number of pretty names for children, as well as many other things.”

“Tell us something about people,” requested Tiny, drawing nearer. At last he stood face to face with the raccoon.

“People live a long time if they take good care

of their health," began Brother Raccoon. "The baby of this family was four years of age."

Tiny and Chatty laughed outright. The speaker smiled good-naturedly.

"He was surely a backward baby," chuckled Chatty. "The mayor of Squirreltown is four years of age and he is very old."

"Little people are generally happy," continued the raccoon. "They have everything their hearts desire. I wish that my little ones had such good fortune. Alas! we watch Simon and Solomon all the time. They seldom go out of the house except after night. Little people stay indoors all night, but little raccoons do not."

"What lovely times little raccoons must have!" cried Chatty. "If I were one of them I would run about all night, especially when it is moonlight. Mother sends me to bed before sunset."

"No one has more anxiety than a raccoon," declared the stranger. He blinked his eyes, which were black and shiny. There were white rings around them. "Our midnight prowls often cause us great trouble. Sometimes the raccoons go into the cornfields. While they are eating corn, a pack of dogs appears and drives them back to the woods. Before the poor raccoons can hide, the men with their guns attack them."

"You should not steal the farmer's corn," reproved Tiny. "Thieves deserve punishment."

"Yes, but the farmer does not treat us right," replied the raccoon bitterly. "He steals our fur

and eats our flesh. He deceives us and slays us. He does all sorts of mean things."

"I am sorry for you," said Tiny. "Why should little animals of the forest suffer from the acts of mankind? Are you never safe from harm?"

"No," continued the raccoon. "Our flesh and fur are so fine that these terrible people hunt for us by day and by night. One evening I was in a field of corn which was green and tempting. A party of noisy creatures called boys came to the field. They chased me back into the forest. I was so little that I stumbled and fell. A dog caught me. Before he could hurt me, a small boy seized me and carried me in a bag to his home. He placed me in a cage.

"The boy's name was Teddy Root. He greatly admired my dainty feet and grayish-brown fur. I became so tame that they gave me much freedom. I soon lost my fear of people. Sometimes they scolded me, because I stole into the pantry and helped myself to milk, sugar, lard, and butter. I did not know that I had done wrong. Teddy took cookies from the pantry without first asking his mother's permission, so I thought I could do so, too. However, I yearned for my home in the deep forest. One day I ran away.

"I wandered a long time before I found the stump that had sheltered me during my early days. My family had departed. I was alone, but I made the old house comfortable, and soon forgot my troubles. I preferred a stump to a gilded cage.

One night a party of raccoons went out on an excursion to a cornfield. They took me with them. It was then that I met my mate, Serena. Life is happier now than it ever has been before."

"We thank you for the story of your life," said Tiny. "Now show us the way to Squirreltown."

"I have never heard of such a place," replied the raccoon, after he had thought hard for a few moments.

"It is the largest city in the world and it is a very important one, too," snapped Chatty. He was vexed at the stranger's ignorance.

"You are wrong," said the raccoon as he shook his head doubtfully. "I know that Coontown is much larger. You must ask some other animal to show you the way."

"Thank you," said Tiny. He never forgot the value of politeness, although Chatty often did. "We must hasten home."

"Oh, why did you speak about those blackberries?" he continued, as he turned to Chatty. "We have lost our way. I fear dear mother grieves for me."

"It was no fault of mine that Mr. Raccoon stopped us to tell the stupid story of his life," retorted Chatty. "See the acorns under the tree. Some kind fairy knew that we were coming and threw them down."

Chatty ate greedily, while Tiny swiftly climbed to the top of a huge oak tree and gazed all about him. Nowhere could he see the friendly treetops of Squirreltown.

CHAPTER IV.

Tiny sat for a long time in the top of the tree and looked away as far as his eyes could see. In the distance rose the big yellow moon. It shone



TINY'S BUSHY TAIL STIFFENED WITH FRIGHT.

brightly upon the treetops of the great forest, yet he could not see Squirreltown.

At last he began to descend slowly, almost frightening to death a tree toad that was hopping about

on its little velvet toes among the green branches.

Tiny's bushy tail stiffened with fright when he heard a loud, whirring sound and a shrill cry from the branch over his head. Two big yellow eyes glared at him through the dense foliage. They scared him so that he could not scamper away.

"Hoot! hoot!" cried the dreadful creature. "Why are you prowling around my castle at this time of night? Don't you know that I am a horned owl? I like to eat rabbits, squirrels, and mice."

"I did not mean to disturb you, sir," said Tiny politely, although his teeth chattered and his limbs refused to move. "My name is Tiny Redsquirrel. I have lost my way. Can you tell me where to find Squirreltown?"

"I wish I knew where it is," said the owl, "for it wouldn't take me long to put an end to it. Come closer that we may have a little chat. I like squirrels."

"Mr. Owl, I know that it would not be prudent for me to get closer to you," said Tiny, without moving a step. "I want everyone to like me, but I do not want them to like me well enough to eat me."

"Well spoken!" cried the owl, clapping his wings and screeching loudly. "A fairy told me. Tiny, that you were coming to my castle. I promised her that I would not hurt you. Tell me what gift you desire above all things else."

"A good education," replied Tiny promptly.

"Fine!" exclaimed the owl. "Of course, squir-

rels cannot expect to know very much. Red squirrels are too mischievous to learn a great deal. They worry robins in their nests, frighten field mice, steal from the farmer's granary, and spring the traps that hunters set for martens. Can you tell me who is the wisest of all living creatures?"

"I think it must be the donkey," said Tiny after hesitating a few moments.

"The donkey is as stupid as a stump," said the owl impatiently. "What makes you think that the donkey is the wisest of all creatures?"

"An animal that makes so much noise must be very wise," answered the innocent squirrel.

"When you are older, you will learn that the wisest creatures seldom make any noise at all," said the owl with a sage toss of his head. "The donkey is most unlike the animal that represents wisdom, and he—"

"Perhaps the wisest animal is the loon," interrupted the squirrel.

Tiny had never heard the expression "crazy as a loon," or he would not have made such an absurd guess.

The owl laughed again. "Poor little squirrel," he continued, "you are much in need of an education, and I will help you to realize your wish. An old loon lives two hundred yards from here in some dry muck on the ruins of an old muskrat house. Whenever she tries to avoid danger, she always runs the wrong way and jumps into it. Her legs are placed so far back beneath her body that

she cannot walk very long at a time without toppling over. When she swims, she makes more noise than a family of beavers. She screeches all the time, and consequently gets no opportunity to think. You know that to be wise one must be a quiet thinker. No, the loon is as dull as the donkey."

"Then who is the wisest of all creatures?" asked Tiny, growing more and more interested.

"Have you never heard that the owl is the symbol of wisdom?" asked the curious creature.
"There is nothing I do not know."

"Then perhaps you can tell me where Squirrel-town is situated," said Tiny, eagerly.

"I do not know," replied the owl, glaring at Tiny until he again lost courage. "I do not fill my mind with useless knowledge, since there are so many important things to know. How ridiculous of you to ask me such a question! You might just as well ask why the moon, although not so large as a pumpkin, can light up this great world of ours. There are many things that learned students cannot explain so ordinary creatures can understand. I believe, however, that if you live long enough and keep traveling all the time, you may find Squirrel-town one of these days."

"This is no time for jesting," burst forth Tiny, his heart sinking. "I greatly desire to get home. I started out to gather our winter store in this hunting-bag, but I got lost. Mother must be quite tired looking for me."

"Your mother need not wear her eyes out *looking* for you, since you are surely old enough to *see* for yourself," retorted the owl.

Tiny said that he must hasten on.

"Do not be in a hurry, my restless quadruped," said the owl. "Squirrels are always in a hurry. You are very nervous animals. It makes me dizzy to look at you. I am the wisest creature of the forest, yet you do not choose to tarry long enough to get some useful information. Do you still desire an education, or have you changed your mind?"

"I want to get home," sobbed Tiny.

"I will see that your wish is granted," said the owl, more kindly. "What else do you wish?"

"I wish to grow up to be a useful squirrel. I want to make my mother and everybody else happy."

The owl asked him what more he desired.

"That is all," was the reply.

"Then do as I say," commanded the owl. "Before you can become truly wise, you must learn the lessons of patience and industry, and, as you struggle, you must sing the song of contentment. I am a wise prophet, and I will see that your wishes are fulfilled.

"To-night you must sleep out in one of those hazel bushes. Be sure to hide yourself, for sometimes I fly about while asleep. In that case perhaps I might eat you without knowing it. To-morrow at dawn, follow the path that leads to the brook. Then turn to your right. If you should

turn to your left, you would soon find yourself in Big Bear City. Keep your eyes wide open, and when you least expect it, you will be taught the lesson of patience.

“Follow the footpath till you come to a lovely dell, where a fairy princess will teach you the lesson of industry and the value of doing good to others. She probably can show you the way to Squirreltown, for she knows all about geography. But, ere you reach home, you will have two dreadful encounters. A four-legged giant with hundreds of darts will rush upon you when you least expect it. Do not be frightened. Be calm and cautious. Lie close to the ground so that his darts will pass above you, should he throw them at you. Seize one of his darts, jab him; he will then run away.

“Soon you will find yourself in the heart of a jungle that almost all tame beasts fear to enter. Another giant, a big black one, will try to hurt you. However, you will be protected. Do as I command, or you will never get back home.”

“Thank you, Mr. Owl,” said Tiny, willing to endure any hardship if he could only see his mother again. “Should you come to Squirreltown, the Mayor will tell you where to find me. He is stopping at the Beech Tree Inn.”

“What kind of stops does he use?” asked the owl, much amused.

Tiny stared at him in wonderment.

“I suppose you mean that he is *staying* at the Beech Tree Inn,” said the owl. “I hope you have

enjoyed your visit in my castle. If you will stay a while longer I will sing. I have a most beautiful voice. I can sing twice as loud as a village of sparrows."

The little red squirrel did not insist upon hearing the owl prophet sing, for that would have been bad manners.

With a polite goodnight, he scurried down the tree to a clump of hazel bushes, where he hid himself as securely as possible. He slept very little, for he feared that the wise owl might fly about in his sleep and possibly devour him.

CHAPTER V.

The sunbeams shine through the boughs of the trees and the winds rustle gently. The dewdrops glitter on the grass. The brook bounds joyously along. The birds sing gaily and the little animals of the wood come forth to listen to the sweet music. The wild flowers open their pretty cups.

Now the forest is ringing with glad shouts and songs. The sunbeams are growing brighter. The winds are dying down and the dewdrops are passing away. The brook is bounding along more joyously. The birds are singing more gaily. The little animals are running hither and thither. The flowers are spreading their pretty cups wide open to catch the sunlight. At last Tiny is waking.

When Tiny awoke from his slumbers in the hazel brush, he scampered down to the edge of the brook, washed his face, and combed out his long, bushy tail. Then he began to call for Chatty, but no answer came. He finally decided to start alone. He remembered to take the path leading to the right as the owl had directed him. For a long time he sauntered along, admiring the elder, oak, and buckeye trees, and occasionally he darted his piercing gaze at some low-hanging black haw or pawpaw bush, fearing some animal might attack him.

At last he came to a sandy plain, where he sat down to rest in the sunshine. Not far away he saw a city. Its streets were filled with busy inhabitants. Hundreds of them were hurrying to and fro, working with all their energy. Many little workers were erecting buildings. To lift a single grain of sand each was toiling with all his might. They did not stop to rest or to visit, but kept working, working, working. Tiny thought it would



THEY DID NOT STOP TO REST OR VISIT, BUT KEPT WORKING, WORKING, WORKING.

take them a long time to build houses from grains of sand.

While the architects were busy building new homes, some soldiers in shiny, red clothes moved about as if they were giving orders to the workers. A crowd of watchmen stood at the gates of the city, ready to give warning at the approach of an enemy.

Not one of the little creatures was alarmed by

the squirrel. They heeded him no more than Tiny did the tree beneath which he was crouching. He drew nearer and saw that there were many little rooms near the surface of the city and that below them was a great public dining-room and storeroom. Evidently they all ate their meals together. These rooms were kept in order by a host of servants, who were very busy all the time carrying out shells, seeds, and the remains of insects. Others collected all the rubbish and carried it out into a heap outside the city limits. Scores of nurses were looking after the babies, and teaching them that the time would soon come when they must labor like their elders.

Suddenly there was a great commotion in the street. Some food providers were struggling along with a fly they had found. They were taking it to the storeroom. The load was so heavy that several household workers rushed out to lend their help. They toiled along together, slowly, with one united effort, and with great difficulty; but, finally, they stowed the fly headlong into the public storeroom. Tiny breathed a sigh of relief when their hard task was done.

But they did not stop to rest. They turned out to help others bring in a locust. The workers in the storeroom cleared a place for other provisions; the watchmen guarded the gates, without taking their eyes from their work; the architects, steadily and patiently, carried grain after grain of sand to the tops of their buildings.

"How full of energy they are!" exclaimed Tiny. "By their combined efforts they can build and support a great city. If something destroys it, they build it up again. I wish squirrels would work together as these insects do. Oh, I see! It is as the owl prophet said. I have learned the lesson of patience. I do feel glad that I was permitted to study this wonderful city. However, I am surprised to learn such a noble lesson from the smallest of all creatures—ants!"

CHAPTER VI.

Not far from the city of ants, Tiny halted to refresh himself with an acorn.

"This country is delightful," he said to himself.



SUDDENLY HE SAW A SPIDER BUSY
AT WORK UPON HER COUNTRY
HOME.

"A squirrel does not often see such a beautiful scene. He has little knowledge of the great world. I was discontented not long ago, but now I am happy. I am glad that I saw the ants and their city. They are very industrious creatures. All have much work to do, yet they do it willingly. They don't seem to wish to be idle. Ants never before were interesting to me, but now I admire them very much. You have taught me a lesson, friend ant."

He sat still for a few moments gazing around him. Suddenly he saw a spider busy at work upon her country home. She wore a snuff-brown jacket dashed with purple, and her legs were striped like those of a tiger.

She had just finished digging a tunnel seven inches long in the earth, and had lined it with a substance that looked like silk. Now she was spinning a web to cover the outer door, which was really a dry oak leaf. She left an opening large enough to pass through. Then she pulled some blades of grass and fastened them across the leaf so securely that the entrance to her home could not be seen. She worked very busily, although occasionally a rude wasp came along and tried to sting her. In spite of disturbing insects, the spider finished building her home. Then she twined some tiny vines about the entrance, making a green bower that looked very pretty. When her difficult task was completed, she crawled into her silk-lined hall and went to sleep.

“Plucky wood spider!” cried Tiny in admiration. “Although the wasps threaten her life, she never gives up. You work diligently, little friend. I admire you very much. I have learned a lesson in perseverance.”

Tiny did not hunt a place in which to sleep until it was quite late. Indeed, the moon was beginning to shine before he thought of rest. Just as he was about to leave the path turning to the right, he saw a dark object sitting directly in front of him. It was singing in a clear and plaintive voice:

“Wur-r-r, wur-r-r, wur-r-r,
I never complain nor demur,

Though the fox and the bat and the weasel and cat
Are waiting to seize me and roll me out flat,
And swallow me down like a great lump of fat,
Wur-r-r, wur-r-r, wur-r-r.

“Wur-r-r, wur-r-r, wur-r-r,
I have neither feathers nor fur;
I am dusty and wrinkled and warts to me cling,
Yet I’m never unhappy, for Nature, kind thing,
Gave me such a sweet voice; so I constantly sing
Wur-r-r, wur-r-r, wur-r-r.”



HE SAW A DARK OBJECT SITTING
DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF HIM.

destroy you, your song never loses its vigor. Your only recreation is to catch a few insects and to sit in the moonlight, singing ‘Wur-r-r, wur-r-r, wur-r-r’.”

CHAPTER VII.

Tiny spent the night in the fork of a wild plum tree. For some time he sat thinking of his mother and Squirreltown, but his lessons in patience and



HE WAS ABOUT TO TAKE A DRINK WHEN HE SAW WHAT HE
TOOK TO BE A FAIRY STRUGGLING IN THE WATER.

contentment had made him satisfied with his lot.

The next morning he started upon his journey, bravely following the narrow, twisting path, ever ready to avoid danger.

At length he came to a brook. He was about to take a drink when he saw what he took to be a fairy struggling in the water. She had been trying to get out for a long time; but, finally, her wings ceased to move and she lay very still.

Tiny, who was a good swimmer, hurried out to rescue her. He placed his nose under her and lifted her from the water. Holding his head high, he swam to the shore.

The fairy crawled upon a lady's-slipper close by and flapped her wings until they were quite dry.

"You have done me a great service," she said. "I'll repay you some time when you least expect it. I can't tell you how grateful I am."

"Don't try," said Tiny, with a polite bow. "I've been taught to protect the helpless, provided they are not too big for my protection. I hope you are quite dry now."

"Yes, I shall be able to fly back to the city as soon as I get my breath," she said. "I am a queen bee and I should not be out of my hive. I left the palace this morning with several thousand followers and was on my way to a far-off country, when, in some peculiar manner, I fell into the water. I could not swim, so it is lucky for me that you came by."

"I hope that your followers will find you. They must be greatly distressed."

"Oh, I hope they'll find me," said the queen bee, as she flapped her wings. "You see, I have thousands and thousands of children; but they have

good nurses and are never much bother. It is not hard to govern them."

Tiny gazed at her in surprise.

"I have been queen of a place called the City Wonderful," she continued. "I ruled fifty thousand subjects. We lived in a great city with narrow streets, protected by a beehive. You don't know what a very busy place it was all summer long."

"But it doesn't seem possible that so many creatures could live together. Just imagine fifty thousand red squirrels in one tree!" gasped Tiny.

"That's different," responded the queen. "We live together in co-operation. Each of the workers knows her work and does it without having to be watched all the time. The workers are females, and they are very industrious; but the drones are males, and they do not work. They have to be driven out of the city before winter sets in, or they would eat all our provisions. The workers toil from morning till night, stopping up cracks in the hive with wax, carrying food to the baby bees, and storing it away for winter. They haven't time to play in the summer. Each worker has six little pockets which she fills with pollen. She uses this in making wax for the walls. As soon as the walls are built, another set of workers make round places, or cells, in them. Others fill the cells with honey from the honey bags they carry about when they visit the flowers."

"But where do the little baby bees stay?" asked Tiny.

"Oh, they stay in the empty honey cells and are watched and cared for by their nurses until they are old enough to work," replied the queen. "There is much to do, but there are many classes of workers, from the honey gatherers to the bees that stand inside the hive, fanning with their wings to make currents of air; for without pure air the crowded City Wonderful would not be a fit place to live in. Another set of bees cleans out the cells after the baby bees are old enough to come out, and others guard the gate of the city to keep away moths and other troublesome creatures."

"Bees are wise, sensible, industrious, and useful," declared the squirrel. "I should like to see the City Wonderful. I am very glad that I have the privilege of seeing a queen bee. I wasn't expecting such a great pleasure."

The queen bee said that she was equally glad to see the red squirrel, and that she would be delighted to invite him to see the new City Wonderful, were it not for the fact that her soldiers might make it unpleasant for him.

"Are there many kinds of bees?" asked Tiny presently.

"Yes, there are fully seventy known varieties," replied the queen, daintily flapping her wings. "There are the plasterer bees. They make tunnels in the ground, divide them into cells, and fill them with honey. They have forked tongues to use as

trowels in smoothing down the silken layers which they use in making the tunnels. The flower riflers, which are very dark in color, make their cells on dry walls. Their homes look like lumps of mud."

Tiny asked if all the bees live in great cities.

"Not all of them," replied the queen, "although they are very sociable creatures. The upholsterer bee cuts out round pieces from rose leaves, with which she lines her tiny nest. Would it not be delightful to live in a nest of sweet-smelling rose leaves? I should much prefer such sweet quietude to city life. The upholsterer stores honey and pollen that looks like rose-colored jam. I dare say it is very delicious. The mason bees take bits of chalk, sand, and woody material, which they make into tiny bricks to use in building their little houses. Another kind of bee hunts for an old snail shell in which to make her house. There is another variety that builds its nest in the heart of the scarlet poppy. Some bees throw out sweet perfume. Although most bees work in the sunshine, there is a class, with wings tinted like the rainbow, that works by moonlight. You may be learned, my friend, but I could sit here all day and tell you things about bees. You would be much surprised at many facts I should mention. Bees, wasps, spiders, and ants are very clever."

Tiny said that there was nothing that could give him greater pleasure than to hear her talk.

"But my body guard is coming," continued the queen. "It is really an extraordinary thing for a

queen bee to be without attendants. They must be much distressed about losing me."

Tiny asked why she had left the City Wonderful.

"Because of family troubles," replied the queen, somewhat ashamed. "We lived in perfect harmony until I learned that my daughter, the princess, would come out of her nursery cell in a few days to enter society. Princess bees are the only ones that cause trouble. They are fed on the finest food, and the nurses work hard to make their bodies as smooth and comely as possible. Of course, daughters that live in luxury and never have any responsibility are likely to be spoiled. Like all queen bees I am in fear of the eldest princess."

"Why?" cried Tiny in surprise.

"Oh, you don't understand bees," said the queen with a sigh. "When my eldest princess comes from her nursery and is ready to go into society, she will try to kill me. She will strive to be queen. It is always that way with the princesses."

"What a cruel daughter!" exclaimed the squirrel, much horrified.

"All princesses try to get the queens out of the way," said the bee in a sad voice. "As soon as they are big enough to rule others, they want to control everything. So I have gotten several thousand loyal subjects and have left the hive to build a city of my own."

"And will a cruel princess become queen in your place?" asked Tiny.

"Yes," was the response, "but before long she

will become uneasy, too. Her next younger sister will come out of her nursery and will want to rule. Perhaps there will be a great contest, but doubtless the elder princess will have to flee as I have done. She will have fewer followers than I, and they will be called the after-swarm. Thus jealousy goes on in the royal family all the time, but the other bees are usually peaceable and are always busy."

At that moment Tiny heard a buzz that sounded as though all the insects in the world were singing together. A great swarm of bees, like a black cloud, appeared overhead.

"I believe this must have been the first time in history that a queen ever got away from the rest of the swarm," said the queen bee. "I have enjoyed this little visit so much, and I thank you a thousand times for saving me from drowning."

Waving her pretty wings in graceful farewell, she joined her army of soldiers, and with buzzes of delight they carried her away.

"What a dreadful thing it is to be a ruler, in constant fear of death!" said Tiny, gratefully. "I am glad—oh, so glad—that I am a little common squirrel, as free as the sunbeams that light my way."

CHAPTER VIII.

After his strange meeting with the queen bee, Tiny wondered what would happen next. He remembered what the owl prophet had said concerning the dangers he would meet. As he sped onward, his little heart began to beat less bravely, for, like any young squirrel that had lived in a comfortable home without a care or a worry, he dreaded to face an uncertain future.

“I am frightened,” he said, with a shudder, as he stopped at the edge of a clump of cedars to find a place in which to spend the night. “The day and the twilight are gone. No moon or star is in the sky. I wish I were at home with mother.”

Then came a crash. Tiny thought for a moment that it was hailing. He was about to hide in the grass when a bright green light flashed forth, so brilliant that he could see all about him. He soon learned that the crash was caused by a multitude of acorns that the wind had shaken from a tree. Never before had he seen such splendid acorns.

“I will fill my hunting-bag, although such a large load will cause me to travel more slowly,” he said. “A bagful of acorns is a nice thing to have. How happy mother will be to get them!”

He began helping himself to the acorns. Sud-

denly he saw an ogre emerge from the ground, with a thousand darts all pointed straight at him. Never before in all his life had Tiny been so frightened.

“Hist!” cried the ogre, advancing slowly towards the poor, trembling squirrel, his sharp teeth showing in a ghastly manner. “One of the squir-



“HIST!” CRIED THE OGRE, ADVANCING SLOWLY TOWARD THE POOR, TREMBLING SQUIRREL.

rels of the forest enters my realm. What shall I do with him?”

A hundred voices cried out in reply:

“Master Ogre, friend so true,
He has come to steal from you.
See the bag he carries there!
Seize him by his auburn hair;
Put him in the bag, and then
Hide him in your gloomy den!”

Poor Tiny could only stand and shiver, awaiting his dreadful fate. The green light became brighter and brighter, and soon he saw that he was surrounded by a circle of glow worms. The ogre was a fierce porcupine. Tiny had never before seen such a terrible creature.

“Every soldier in my army is loyal to me!” shouted the porcupine boisterously. “Each comes with a lantern to help me. They will aid me to tie you, place you in that bag, and hang you in my den deep down in the cold ground.”

“I did not come to rob you,” mumbled Tiny, shaking violently. “I am lost, and am trying to find my way home. This is my hunting bag in which I gather my winter store. Please let me go unharmed.”

“Neither you nor your hunting bag has any right to be on my castle grounds,” growled the porcupine. “Either the woodchuck or the rabbit has told you that I have many priceless valuables hidden in my storeroom.”

“I have never met the woodchuck, nor have I seen the rabbit for many weeks,” wailed Tiny. “In my hunting bag are acorns and beech-nuts. I halted underneath this tree to gather a few of these fine acorns.”

“Guilty creature!” cried the porcupine, bristling still more. “Do not these acorns belong to me, also the tree they grow upon? Confess now that you were going to burrow into my storeroom and carry

off the precious carrots and cabbage leaves I have stored away for a rainy day."

"You are mistaken," said Tiny, almost dead from fright, while the glow worms circled still more closely about him.

Just then he remembered what the owl prophet had told him to do. As the porcupine attempted to seize him, Tiny leaped forward and caught one of the sharp darts and gave him a hard jab, which made the porcupine shriek at the top of his voice.

Moaning with pain, the ferocious creature disappeared into the ground. The glow worms vanished.

"I have conquered the ogre!" cried Tiny in delight, whirling the dart about in the air. "I am glad that I took the wise owl's advice."

Still carrying the dart, or quill, that he had wrested from the porcupine, he groped his way back to the path.

Soon the rays of the moon made everything as



"I HAVE CONQUERED THE OGRE!" CRIED TINY IN DELIGHT, WHIRLING THE SWORD ABOUT IN THE AIR.

bright as day. He had not gone far when he saw to the left a deep, dark jungle, concerning which the owl prophet had spoken.

"It is a dismal place after night," he said, "but I must go into the jungle as I have promised to do. I shall use the dart to protect myself."

With some difficulty he entered the damp place, without thought of the terrible fright that awaited him.

CHAPTER IX.

Deeper and deeper Tiny wandered into the heart of the jungle. It was very damp and chilly as well as ghostly. His hunting bag was heavy, but he did not lose heart.

He had heard that fairy princesses with torches often came to the aid of good squirrels that were in trouble. He wished that they would come to help him. But the dark trees and bushes looked like frightful hiding places for foxes and other mischievous animals. He grew more and more alarmed. Finally he halted at the foot of a pine tree.

“I will spend the night here,” he said to himself. “I shall be out of danger in this great tree. What a lonesome place it is! This is one of the gloomiest valleys I ever saw. I’ll hide my acorns under the tree and find a place in which to rest.”

Hardly had he spoken these words, when a terrible growl fell upon his ears. At the same time a great black object rose between himself and the tree. It was the largest creature Tiny had ever seen.

“It is the black giant that Mr. Owl told me about,” chattered Tiny, dropping his hunting bag. “Oh, what shall I do?”

The giant, which was really a black bear, growled louder than before and tried to strike Tiny with his great paw. The red squirrel, quick as a flash, attacked the giant with his dart, but only broke it into several pieces. Then, as fast as his legs could carry him, he scurried up the pine tree. The bear, shaking with rage, attempted to climb the tree, too, but he was so heavy that a bough gave way, and he fell clumsily to the ground.

"You may be a great fighter on the ground, but you can't climb trees," laughed Tiny in spite of his recent fright.

"You shall stay in that tree till your beard turns gray," growled the bear, "for I intend to see that you do not escape."

Tiny hid himself in one of the thick branches and remained quiet for a long time. He feared to go to sleep, lest he might fall upon Mr. Bruin's upturned nose. In the meantime, the bear fell into a deep slumber.

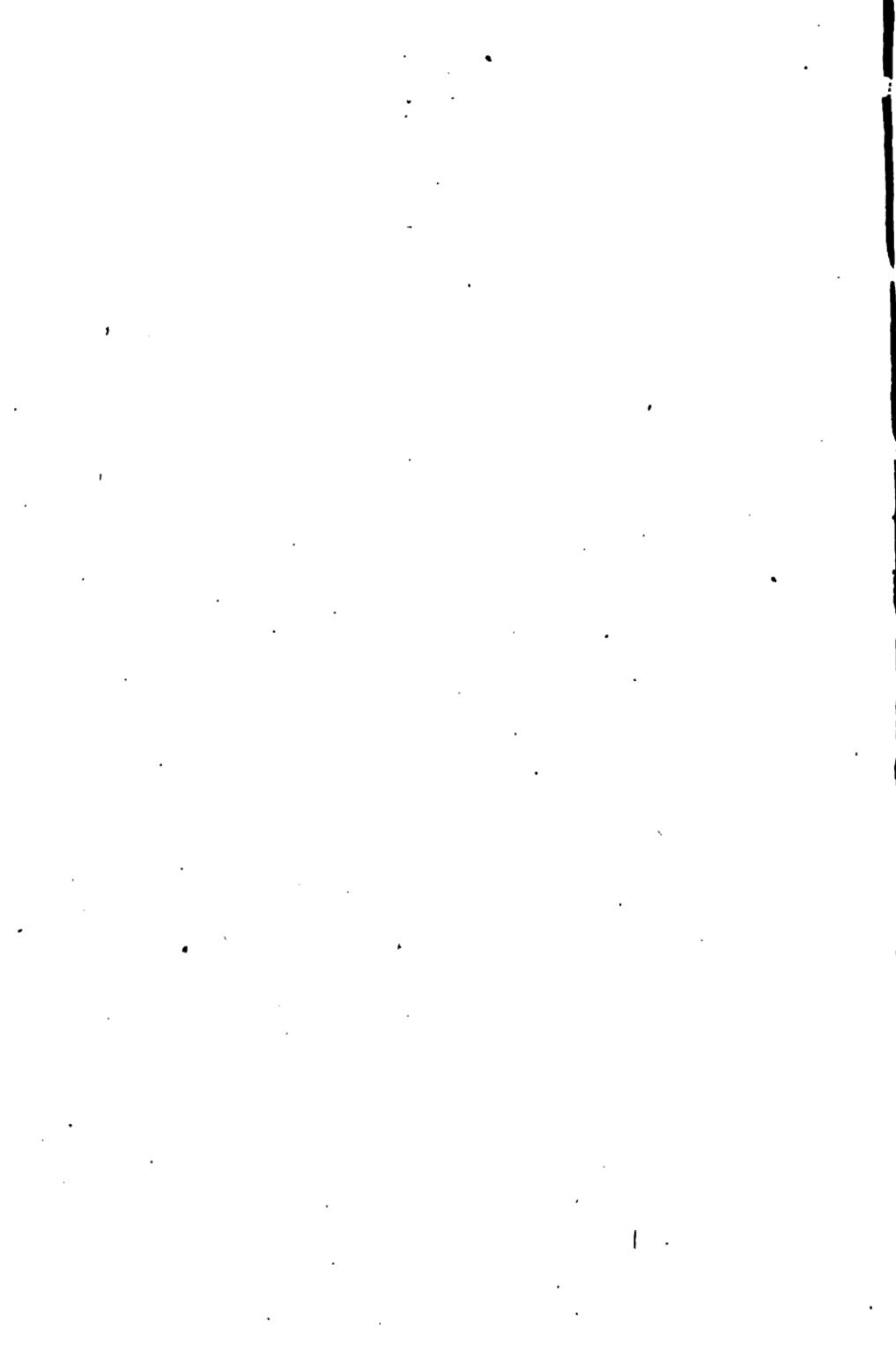
Finally the thought struck Tiny that he might be close to Squirreltown. He quickly ascended to the topmost branch and looked all about him.

Less than two miles away he saw a wonderful sight. It seemed to him that millions of bright stars clustered together over the top of a tall tree in the east. They circled briskly about, sparkling and flashing like diamonds in an immense crown.

"The good owl prophet has told me the truth from first to last," said Tiny, his heart almost bursting from joy. "I recognize the dear old oak



HE WAS SO HEAVY THAT A BRANCH GAVE WAY
AND HE FELL CLUMSILY TO THE GROUND.



where I was born, although it is a long distance away. Squirreltown stands under that crown of heavenly bodies. Never before have I seen that kind of stars. Those rays are as bright as these anxious eyes of mine. Hurrah for home and mother! How strange it is that all my difficulties have helped me to find the right way home!"

He hastened down to the lowest branch of the tree, but Bruin was still sleeping, with his head against its massive trunk. Tiny, whose mother had taught him the lesson of prudence, did not dare to venture down, lest the big black bear should seize him. So he went back to his resting place, and soon fell asleep.

In the early gray dawn, he awoke and peeped from his cozy shelter. The birds were leaving their green roofs to find food for their families. The daisies in the woods and valleys were beginning to spread their white and crimson-tipped stars. The leaves trembled in the early breezes. Old Bruin was not far from the tree. He had found a hollow stump, and was rooting around it with his long nose.

Soon there was a buzzing sound that swelled into an angry roar. Old Bruin, in trying to steal some honey, had gotten into trouble with the bees. The swarm was very angry. Hundreds of bees poured from the stump and alighted on his head, in his eyes, ears, and nostrils.

Crazed with pain, the bear dashed away, bellowing at the top of his voice. Tiny, although

very kind-hearted and forgiving, could not keep from laughing at the plight of the bear. His cries sounded like the mingled shrieks of many different animals, for the sting of each bee was like the cut of a knife.



CRAZED WITH PAIN THE BEAR DASHED AWAY.

around me are blackberry bushes. There is nothing else so delicious as dried blackberries."

In the midst of his joy, the queen bee that he had rescued from the brook lit upon a purple crow-foot growing by the stump, and cried out:

"Good morning, my four-legged friend. You are the squirrel that saved my life."

Tiny scurried down the tree to find his hunting bag, and what was his delight to find other delicacies that would make his winter store complete.

"What a glorious jungle this is!" he cried. "I am glad I followed the advice of the owl prophet, for no squirrel has ever before been so fortunate. The ground is covered with pine cones, the seeds of which are delicious. Across the way is a large quantity of beech-nuts, and all

"I am glad to see you again, your majesty," said Tiny with his polite bow. "I wish you had happened to come sooner, for that dreadful black giant made me stay in yonder pine tree all night long."

"The impudent creature tried to get into our new home in the stump," said the queen. "My soldiers will chase him and his companions so far away that they will never find their way back here."

"You have done me a great service," said Tiny, with a second bow. "I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

"A kind act always brings its reward," said the queen cheerfully.

"But how can a tiny bee scare such a monstrous creature as a bear?" asked the squirrel.

"One bee couldn't scare anything," laughed the queen. "You must remember that bees work together. When hundreds and hundreds of bees attack a bear, he is sure to make good use of his legs."

"Isn't it rather unpleasant to live in a stump, after having been queen of the City Wonderful?" asked Tiny, after a moment of silence.

"No, I rather enjoy the change," returned the queen bee, with a merry buzz. "I hear that my oldest daughter, the princess, is now queen of the City Wonderful, but that she is uneasy all the time, as her next younger sister is almost ready to leave her nursery and fight for the crown. Occasionally there is strife in the City Wonderful, for as soon as a princess leaves her nursery, she wants to rule. I

am quite content to live here with my twenty thousand faithful followers. It is better to live peaceably in a stump than with a quarrelsome daughter in a fine palace."

"I wish you much happiness," said Tiny, with still another bow.

"Thank you," replied the queen, testing her gauzy wings. "I learned yesterday from one of my workers that Squirreltown is but a short distance away. Follow the path leading eastward, and you will be there in time for dinner."

"And what a dinner I shall take to my good mother!" exclaimed Tiny, looking about him.

There was his hunting bag filled with choice acorns. Fully two bushels of beech-nuts and three barrels of pine cones were scattered over the ground. On the blackberry bushes, some of which were five feet high, were at least a dozen gallons of dried berries.

"I warn you that all is not well at Squirreltown," continued the queen. "They are having a dreadful famine there, and your poor mother may have starved by this time. Fear, want, and anxiety are terrible companions with which to live."

"What caused the famine?" asked Tiny in alarm.

"Acorns and all the other queer food that squirrels eat are very scarce in Squirreltown just now," explained the queen; "and, to make it all the worse, the squirrels there were annoyed by a host of bears that took up their abode in the city. As a result,

all the inhabitants were afraid to leave their homes. The poor creatures were hungry enough to eat one another."

"Are there many bears about here?" asked Tiny.

"Quite a number of them came to the jungle, because there are so many acorns. They intended to hibernate here. I remembered how kind you had been to me, so I sent messengers to all the bees for miles around to drive the bears out of Squirrel-town. We intend to keep them out of this jungle. We will watch your city every day and woe betide the bear that enters! Should one attempt to pass the city limits, an alarm will be sent out, and at least a thousand bees will chase him until he falls down exhausted. Bears, deer, and buffaloes are cowards. However, they do look very dreadful to small creatures like us."

"I can never repay you for your courtesies," said Tiny, this time bowing so low that his bushy tail looked like a canopy over his head.

"Now run along home before my army returns," continued the queen. "All the citizens of Squirrel-town know that you are coming, and that you are their deliverer. I will send a few of my messengers to guide you, and to conduct your friends back to the jungle where they can eat all they want, and store things for winter use. Goodby."

The queen bee flew back into the stump, buzzing happily. Tiny laughed, cried, chattered, and sang for joy. After helping himself to a few berries and pine cones, he picked up his hunting bag and trudged along to Squirreltown, as happy as a king.

CHAPTER X.

The bees that had been sent to guide Tiny back to Squirreltown did not speak a word. They flew



"WELCOME HOME! HURRAH FOR TINY REDSQUIRREL! LONG LIFE TO THE DELIVERER OF SQUIRRELTONW."

a short distance ahead of him, occasionally stopping to rest or to take refreshment from the cup of a wild rose.

What was Tiny's joy when again he beheld the

familiar trees of Squirreltown! His delight knew no bounds when the squirrels, red, gray, and black, scurried forth from their homes to welcome him. Soon he was the center of an excited group. They stroked his fur, pulled his beard, and shouted joyfully:

“Welcome home! Hurrah for Tiny Redsquirrel! Long life to the deliverer of Squirreltown!”

They were about to pounce upon his hunting bag, but Tiny gently pushed them away, saying:

“These are for my mother. Shall I tell you where I got them?”

“Yes, yes,” replied the squirrels, who were almost starved.

“Follow those bees to a jungle not far distant, where you can get enough provisions to last all winter long. It is a dark and lonely place, but you need have no fear, for a fairy queen lives there who has promised to protect you. I will join you soon.”

Although the squirrels were anxious to inquire about Tiny’s health and to learn of his experience, they immediately scampered off to the jungle, for sometimes when little creatures become very hungry they cease to be polite.

Tiny, finding himself all alone, hurried to his home in the great oak tree. When he saw the face of his dear mother, he was filled with mingled joy and sorrow. She looked much older, for a few days in Squirreltown is a very long time, and she had been grieving constantly for her lost son.

Instead of rushing to embrace him, as one would expect her to do, she ran rapidly about the room, bounding over the table and chairs, shrieking and making as much noise as possible, for that is the way red squirrels show great joy.

“I am so glad that you have come back, my son!” she cried again and again. “Tell me all about your adventures, for you must have had many of them.”



HE PULLED THE HUNTING BAG INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM AND OPENED IT.

“Let us first have some supper, for you must be almost starved,” said Tiny. He pulled the hunting bag into the middle of the room, and opened it.

“Oh, how tempting!” cried his mother, sniffing at the dried blackberries, and gazing hungrily at the acorns and pine cones. “I have had nothing to eat for two days.”

"Then let us have a good feast together," said Tiny, with a merry laugh. "While we are eating I will tell you the story of my wanderings."

"I shall eat while you are talking," said Mrs. Redsquirrel.

"But first I should like to know whether Chatty Chipmunk is safe," said Tiny anxiously.

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Redsquirrel, with a sigh. "Animals of the neighboring towns are doing all they can to assist our city in finding him, but so far they have had little encouragement. His poor mother is ill from anxiety. No one in the town suffers more than she."

Tiny told his mother how he had become separated from Chatty. He also told her about his meeting with the various creatures of the forest.

"I think I may have been traveling in a circle all the time," he concluded.

"All bright, heavenly bodies travel in a circle," said his mother with pride. "At any rate I am glad that you are safe at home once more. Now that we have finished our meal, I will make the room more tidy. Can I lift this hunting bag?"

"I will put it away," answered Tiny, seizing the bag and pulling it into the storeroom. "To-morrow I will go out into the jungle and bring you enough provisions to last all winter. Now, dear mother, tell me what has happened in Squirreltown during my absence."

"On the day you left a number of bears took up their abode in the heart of the city," began Mrs.

Redsquirrel, with a shudder. "We squirrels could do nothing. We tried to drive them away by throwing twigs at them, but the dreadful things only laughed at us, and said they would stay as long as they lived. We couldn't leave our homes to go out into the country where the trees are loaded with acorns and beech-nuts, so we stayed inside and waited for help. The poor chipmunks in the ground must have suffered more than we."

"I am sorry that I was not here to comfort you," said Tiny.

"I missed you sorely, for you are so much braver than I," said Mrs. Redsquirrel meekly. "Last night some of the older bears went away to get food. Early this morning we heard a most terrible noise. I peeped from my window and could see the bears scattering in every direction, and could hear them roaring and begging for mercy. Some of them fell over logs and rolled helplessly about. In a few moments they had all disappeared, and they did not return. Presently an army of wee soldiers came to the city, buzzing merrily, and settled down on that old hemlock tree where the Flyingsquirrel family formerly lived. Then Bushy Graysquirrel rushed in to tell me that several maids of honor to the fairy queen wanted to speak to me. She said that they bore news from you."

"How remarkable!" exclaimed Tiny. "It sounds, indeed, like a fairy tale."

"It was more like a bad dream to me," declared Mrs. Redsquirrel. "Between you and me I was

afraid to go down, and yet I wanted to hear something about you. In a few minutes I had brushed myself as neat as possible, and stood in the presence of the queen's army. A tiny maid of honor, with shiny wings, came forth and told me how you had saved the queen's life. She said that she and her soldiers had promised to keep their eyes on Squirreltown, and how they would see that the bears disturbed us no more. I was also assured that you were well, and that you would be back soon. I thanked her for her kindness, and returned home. Squirreltown at once became the liveliest place you ever saw. All the citizens mingled together as if they belonged to one family, and they cheered loudly for Tiny Redsquirrel, whom they called their deliverer. They are planning to give you a party late this afternoon."

"That will be delightful," said Tiny, beginning to feel very important. "Last night I saw a crown of glittering stars circling about the tops of our tallest trees. I never saw stars that shone brighter than they."

"Oh, I almost forgot to tell you the most interesting part of the story," replied Mrs. Redsquirrel. "The queen doubtless knew that you would go to some treetop, hoping to catch a glimpse of Squirreltown, so she sent out some of her attendants to the camp of the fireflies, to beg them to lend their aid. Before long several thousand of the bright, pretty creatures were circling about the tops of the oak trees."

“How wonderful!” exclaimed Tiny, with breathless interest. “I did not know that such little creatures could be so helpful.”

“Three times to-day several of the queen’s maids of honor flew into my window and left me some honey,” continued the mother. “I have grown quite fond of honey; although I do not believe that sweets are good for animals.”

Tiny then told his parent how the owl prophet had taken an interest in him, and how he expected to seek him soon to receive more knowledge.

“I do not put much dependence upon owls,” said Mrs. Redsquirrel, beginning to tremble, “but, should it be to your advantage, I would not complain if you should go to thank him for his goodness. He has been so kind that you ought not to show ingratitude. Perhaps he may teach you many other things that you should know.”

“May I lie down for a few moments, mother?” asked Tiny, for he was beginning to feel the effects of his long and tiresome journey.

“Dear son, you may,” she replied, as she hastened to make his couch more comfortable. “You ought to take a long nap before the party.”

CHAPTER XI.

Tiny became ill, and could not venture out of doors, so the party was postponed until he should get well. His mother sent for Dr. Flyingsquirrel, who lived out in the country. The doctor, who



SEVERAL OF TINY'S BEST FRIENDS, INCLUDING THE MAYOR HIMSELF, AND OTHER IMPORTANT CITIZENS CAME TO SEE HIM.

could spread out his loose skin and fly like a bird, said that Tiny should remain quiet for at least two days.

The Mayor of Squirreltown issued an edict that

anyone who made a loud noise should be banished from the city, so intense silence reigned. Several of Tiny's best friends, including the mayor himself and other important citizens, came to see him. They brought him wild flowers, acorns fashioned by their teeth into fanciful cups, and many other pretty things which Tiny gratefully received.

The second morning Bushy Graysquirrel brought him a book of fables written by Father Aesop, who at that time was the greatest writer known to Animal Kingdom.

The story that pleased him most was the following:

THE MOUSE'S DISCOVERY.

Once upon a time a donkey, a wolf, a fox, and a cat fell into an argument as to which of them was the greatest.

A field mouse, who was hiding close by in a tuft of grass, heard the conversation, and was much amused.

"I am the greatest thing in the world," boasted the wolf, "for I am so brave that I fear nothing. On the other hand, you would all run if I showed my teeth and claws. I am one of man's greatest fears."

"It is certainly no sign of greatness to be a good fighter," said the fox, proudly curling his tail as foxes sometimes do. "I am shrewd and wily. It is much better to have these qualities of mind than

to be fierce. Children's books are full of stories concerning my cunning tricks."

"Foxes' opinions of themselves are sometimes absurd," said the donkey, stamping his hoofs upon the ground to scare away the flies. "Donkeys are the greatest of all objects, for the reason that they are useful and always can be depended upon. Donkeys' feet are more sure than the hoofs of horses."

"I am the chief of all objects," proclaimed the cat, from a bough of one of the birches. "I belong to the tiger family, yet I am so gentle that children keep me for a pet. Men prefer dogs, but cats are women's favorites. The wolf's importance is small compared with mine. My food is brought to me, and I spend my spare time catching mice. Cats are mice's greatest foes."

The mouse's heart stood still when he heard these dreadful words from the cat's mouth, for he dreaded cats' paws more than he did wolves' teeth.

"I cannot fight, nor am I shrewd enough to steal, strong enough to carry loads, nor lazy enough to be a child's pet; but I can sing," warbled a thrush from the branch of another tree. "Birds are men's sweetest comforters, for their tunes always drive away care. Flies' lives are spent in useless buzzing. A fly's buzz is not sweet to hear, as the donkey well knows. However, thrushes' songs are very melodious, for thrushes practice singing all day long. Surely the thrush's position is high above that of all other objects."

Before the wolf could open his mouth to praise himself again, there was a sound of heavy footsteps. Presently a man came in sight, carrying a blunderbuss.

The wolf, forgetting how brave he was, darted away; the donkey's departure was almost as sudden; the thrush flew high into the sky; the cat



scurried to the birch's topmost branch; and the hair on the fox's tail stood straight up as he leaped the bushes.

“See how they run!” exclaimed the field mouse, laughing at the frightened animals who a moment since had been boasting of their power. “It is very plain to be seen that the greatest of all objects is the blunderbuss.”

CHAPTER XII:

When the two days were up Tiny had quite regained his health. Great preparations had been made for a jubilee. A grand banquet, given by the mayor and other high officials, was to be held in the hollow of a big tree.



TINY BECAME OVERWHELMED BY A FEELING OF IMPORTANCE—THERE WAS ALL SQUIRRELTOWN AT HIS FEET.

When Tiny stepped out upon the little rustic veranda in front of his home, he observed that the branches of the tree below him were thronged with squirrels of all colors and of all walks in life.

“Hurrah for Tiny Redsquirrel!” they

shouted. “Welcome, deliverer of Squirreldown! Three cheers for the noblest and bravest squirrel of Animal Kingdom! A speech! A speech!”

Strange to say, instead of being embarrassed, Tiny became overwhelmed by a feeling of importance. There was all Squirreldown at his feet, in-

cluding the mayor and Billy Foxsquirrel, the noted whistler. Tiny bowed very stiffly, while the squirrels at the tops of their voices shouted lustily. He looked down upon them just as the wise owl prophet had gazed at him.

“Fellow citizens,” he began, “I thank you for the honor you do me. I see many faces before me that show appreciation for what I have done to rescue our city from the bears. I choose to do all I can to help you.

“The mayor invited me to make a speech to you. At the time, I knew that I could not prepare one as well as he, but I threw myself into the task and did the best I could. I am glad that this public reception has drawn so many of you to this place.

“You have given me great happiness. Our beautiful city has grown very dear to me. I am glad that I was driven all round the world, for I learned many things that I will teach you. I have become much wiser since I have traveled, and have learned much that you do not know. I—”

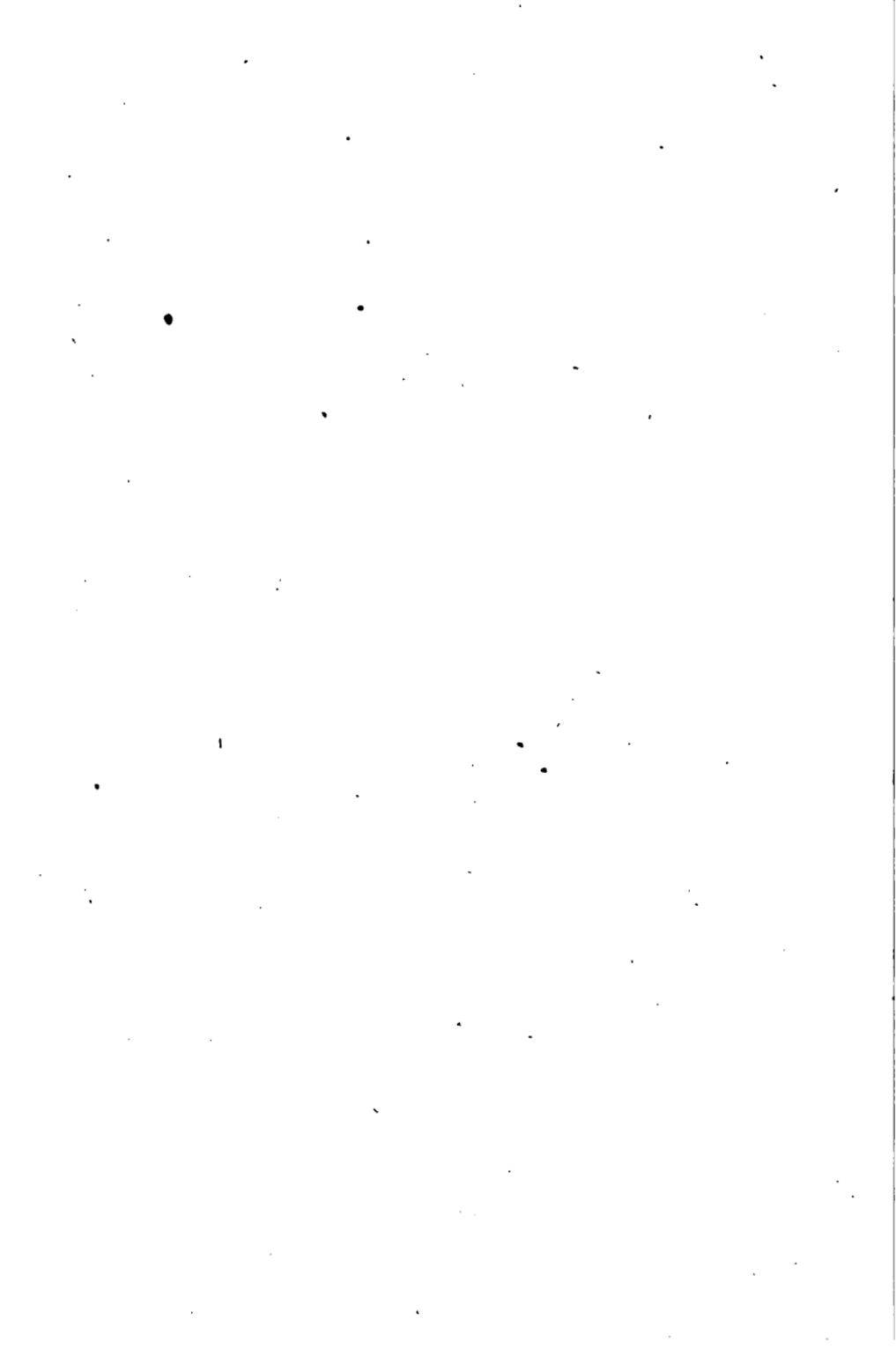
But in the midst of his grand eloquence, Tiny was interrupted. As he stood beating the air with his little paws, trying to impress his hearers, there came a flapping of wings overhead.

His terrified hearers fled in all directions, but before he could escape he was seized and borne high into the air—up, up amongst the tree-tops.

He was too much frightened to cry out. He could only wait until the dreadful creature that held him in his clutches should set him free. His blood



HE FOUND HIMSELF IN A NEST OF HUGE SIZE,
WITH THE OWL PROPHET STARING AT
HIM WITH BIG, YELLOW EYES.



almost froze in his veins. He wondered what he should do if his frail limbs were broken, or if he should be cast down in some lonely place to perish. Perhaps he would be eaten. His heart fell within him.

After traveling for some time in this unusual and uncomfortable manner, he found himself in a nest of great size, with the owl prophet staring at him with big yellow eyes.

Although he was in a quiver of fright, like many other small creatures, he did not wish to appear concerned, so he smiled feebly and said:

“Hello!”

“How dare you be so bold?” cried the owl in a dry, unnatural voice. “Do you think I am a telephone?”

“Pardon me,” said Tiny weakly. “My grammar is very bad.”

“Grammar is never bad,” corrected the owl. “It is your English that is bad.”

“But why did you take me away from dear old Squirreltown?” wailed Tiny.

“To teach you the lesson of humility,” replied the owl prophet. “I have flown all the way to Squirreltown and back here to keep you from disgracing yourself. I am glad that I went. To see little Tiny Redsquirrel, puffed with vanity, frisking about with his little paws and bushy tail, lecturing to the old citizens of Squirreltown, was enough to make a wise owl laugh. What do you suppose the mayor thought of you?”

"I don't know," replied Tiny, ashamed of himself in spite of his excitement. "I fear that I was very pompous; but then I had delivered Squirrel-town from the bears, and I thought I had a right to be bold. You see, the mayor intended to have me for supper."

"If you complain any more, I myself will have you for supper," declared the owl, with no pity whatever. "I suppose you mean that the mayor intended to entertain you at supper, for it is not likely that he would wish to eat you."

Tiny stared in bewilderment. He could not understand all the odd sayings of the prophet, but, nevertheless, he corrected himself by saying:

"The mayor invited me to eat supper with him."

"Well, he will have all the more to eat without you, and will not have to listen to any more of your speeches," snapped the owl. "Which one of those squirrels was the mayor?"

"The large one with the sleek fur. I have often been told that the mayor looks like I do," replied Tiny, his new vanity again appearing.

"To be sure he does," retorted the owl, with a laugh. "I, too, look like you do."

Tiny again stared in astonishment. He could see no points of resemblance between himself and the owl.

"A bee looks like you do," continued the prophet. "A bear looks like you do; so does a weasel, an elephant, a hyena, a jay bird, and a loon; even a monkey looks like you do."

“You are jesting with me,” protested Tiny, beginning to be vexed.

“All animals look like you do, because they look with their eyes just as you do,” said the owl, with another distracting screech.

“Oh, I see,” said Tiny, good-naturedly. “I should have said that the mayor looks like *me*. It was incorrect for me to say that the mayor looks like I do.”

“Quite so,” said the owl, less harshly. “You are a bright little creature, and I am going to see that your wish for knowledge is granted. You felt very important an hour ago, when you tried to make a public speech before the oldest citizens of Squirreltown; but now you see how little you know. I am going to take you to Beaver Creek, where you may complete your education. Very few animals of the wood know of this school, and only the ablest ones are admitted to it. When you have graduated, you may go back to Squirreltown. Perhaps by that time you will be able to make a modest speech before your fellow squirrels.”

“I really want an education,” replied Tiny, with enthusiasm. “The schools at Squirreltown are not very good, and very few squirrels attend them. We are such nervous creatures, and care more for play than for study. But what will my mother do without me?”

“If she is a good mother, she will not stand in the way of your education,” replied the owl. “I will write her a letter which the messenger pigeon, a

friend of mine, will carry to her. You must write to her twice a week, and the messenger pigeon will bear the letters to her."

"I dislike to write letters," protested Tiny. "It is such stupid work."

"It is generally a stupid creature that dislikes to write letters," said the owl severely. He does not like to write, because he does not know how to write well. In Miss Hare's School at Beaver Creek, you will be taught how to write correctly; then letter writing will prove to be a great pleasure to you."

"I am anxious to attend this school, because I want to learn how to read stories and to count," said Tiny, after a moment of anxious thought.

"You must promise to work hard," said the owl, earnestly. "You will find pupils at this school from all parts of Animal Kingdom. Miss Hare is a good instructor, but very strict. If you should do anything that would injure one of your classmates, you would be drowned in the creek. Now roll yourself into a little round ball again, for I am ready to start."

Tiny did as he was commanded. The owl almost encircled him with his long claws, and away they went to a strange land, about which Tiny had dreamed.



CHAPTER XIII.

As he flew through the air in the clutches of the owl, Tiny realized what a small, helpless creature he was. Not a word was spoken till they stopped at the bank of a creek, which looked to him like a great river. It was filled, in one place, with branches of willows, beeches, poplars, and other trees. His heart beat sluggishly, for the scene was very dismal, indeed.

“Have no fear,” said the owl prophet, not so gruffly as usual. “I have promised the queen bee to help you. A great many creatures do not like to go to school, but in after years they always regret it if they have quit school before completing the course.”

Not a sound could be heard except the babbling of the brook and the tinkling of a waterfall several rods away. Tiny shuddered, but said nothing.

“These buildings were built by beavers,” explained the owl, although it was so dark Tiny could not see them at all. “When they moved away, Miss Hare started her school here. Only one of the beavers remained. He is a skilled carpenter and janitor, and he keeps the building in good repair. You no doubt have heard that he mixes mortar with his forepaws, and uses his broad tail for a trowel.

Young beavers stay at home, till they are three years old; then they build houses of their own. This school is situated upon a stream of flowing water, as you see, for Miss Hare thinks that little scholars should have plenty of water as well as fresh air."



"THE BUILDINGS WERE BUILT BY BEAVERS," EXPLAINED THE OWL.

"I am glad that I came," said Tiny, although he looked into the owl's yellow eyes with some distrust. He still feared that the wise prophet might suddenly pounce upon him and eat him.

"Hoot! hoot! hoot! Is everybody asleep?" cried the wise owl. "I can't see why creatures want to

sleep at night. I never close my eyes then, for I have plenty of sleep in the daytime. Besides, one should always be on the lookout at night, for one never knows what may happen."

Soon there was a splashing in the water, and in a few moments a queer animal approached them.

"It is the janitor," explained the owl, somewhat annoyed by the delay. "I fear he is getting lazy. He surely is not overworked, for all he does is to look after the buildings, play, sleep, and eat the bark of trees and the roots of water lilies."

"I beg pardon for keeping you waiting so long," said the beaver. "As soon as I heard you, I rose to find out your wish."

"I have brought a pupil to Miss Hare," said the owl. "Please see that he has a comfortable room for the night. Tell Miss Hare that I will write her a letter soon."

The owl prophet flew away, leaving Tiny with the beaver, who moved sleepily back along the willow boughs to a group of quaint houses made of mud, stones, and sticks. Their dome-shaped roofs were several feet above the level of the water.

Suddenly, from the front window of one of the houses, a gleam of light shot forth and an odd-looking animal thrust out its head.

Tiny, who by this time was accustomed to surprises, looked up to behold Miss Hare gazing down upon him. She looked very comical in her white nightcap.

"Well, well, well, what is the matter?" she cried

in a high voice. "My nerves are shaken by the dreadful noises I have heard. What is the matter, Mr. Beaver?"

"Mr. Owl has brought another pupil," said the beaver, politely. "I do not know where to put him."



"MR. OWL HAS BROUGHT ANOTHER PUPIL," SAID
THE BEAVER, POLITELY.

"Let him stay with Reynard Redfox to-night," replied Miss Hare, looking searchingly at Tiny. "What a frail little creature you are! You must belong to the Rat family."

Tiny did not like Miss Hare's frank way of

speaking, and to be compared to a rat was not agreeable, but he said politely:

“I am Tiny Redsquirrel of Squirreltown. I desire very much to get an education.”

“I will let you stay if you will obey the rules,” said Miss Hare, severely. “I have always heard that red squirrels are very mischievous animals. You must know that I will not permit any foolishness. Not long ago Mr. Owl brought a pupil here who was so very saucy and naughty that I was glad to get rid of him. Although I taught him the lessons of kindness and charity, he bit Weenie Mouse and hit Winkie Weasel with an acorn. One day he tore out one of Katie Goose’s feathers and frightened the poor fowl almost to death. I never before saw such a bad creature. He looked very much like you. Do you know Chatty Chipmunk?”

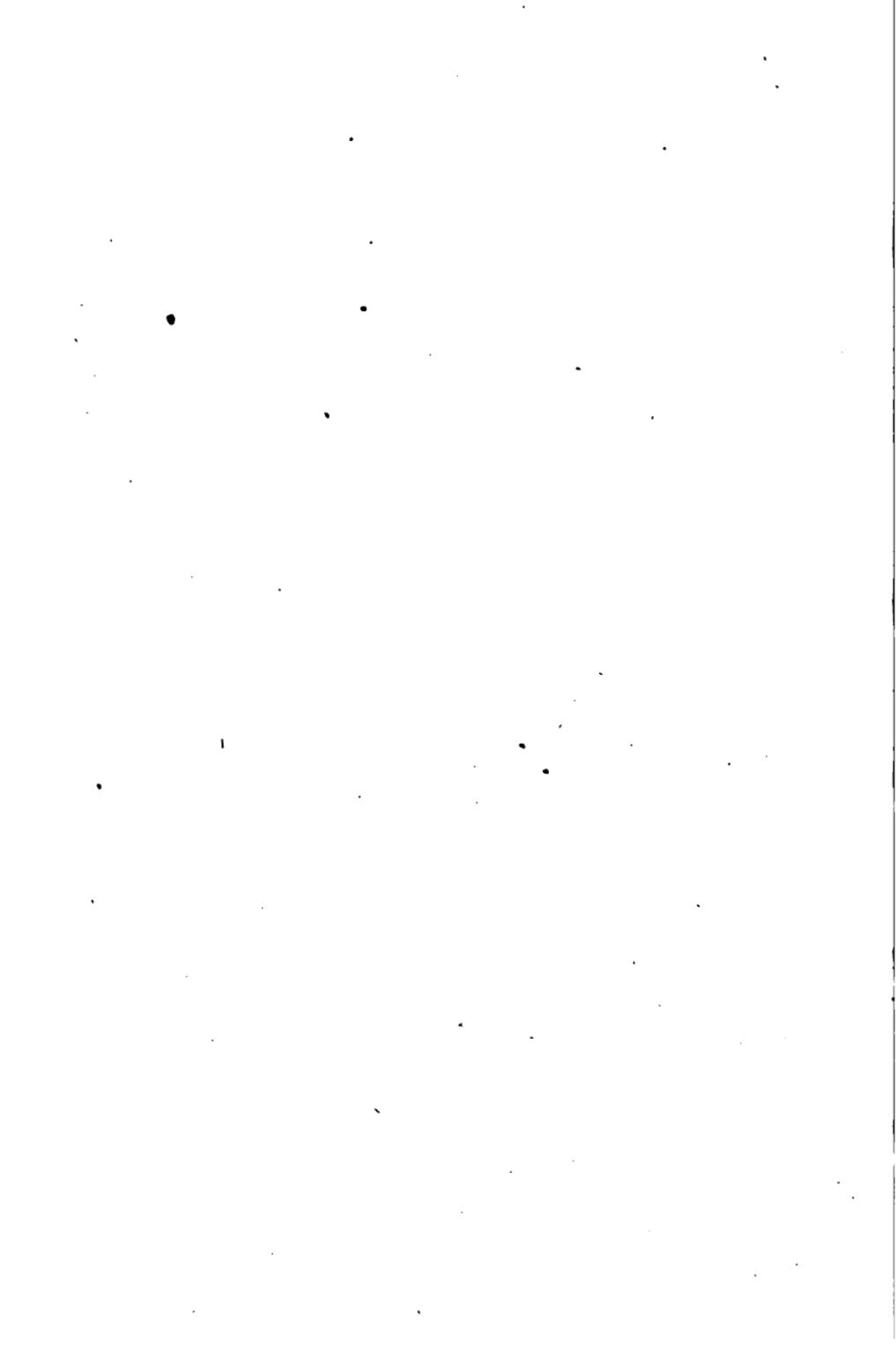
“Yes, ma’am,” replied Tiny, heartily ashamed of his youthful companion. “Is he at this school?”

“No, he forsook us before he had been here three days,” answered Miss Hare. “I think he must have been drowned. I will give you a trial; but if you prove unworthy of my school I will never receive any more pupils brought to me by Mr. Owl. Good-night.”

“Come on,” said the beaver. “I will take you to meet your roommate.”

“Oh, I cannot room with a red fox!” protested Tiny, much alarmed. “He will eat me during his sleep.”

“You need have no fear,” said the beaver assur-



almost froze in his veins. He wondered what he should do if his frail limbs were broken, or if he should be cast down in some lonely place to perish. Perhaps he would be eaten. His heart fell within him.

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"Miss Hare must be a very nice creature," ventured Tiny.

"She is very wise and talented," said the fox with enthusiasm. "Some of the most aristocratic families in Animal Kingdom are represented in her school. I have heard that she belongs to the nobility. You know she is a Belgian Hare, and I believe I heard some one say that her father was a Welsh Rabbit.

At that moment a terrible thumping sound was heard.

"What is that!" exclaimed Tiny, unconsciously drawing nearer to Reynard for protection.

"It is a warning for us to keep quiet," said the fox. "Billy Beaver, the janitor, makes that noise with his tail whenever we become boisterous at night. You know that whenever a beaver wishes to warn his companions that danger is near, he makes a thumping sound with his tail. Really, the only clever thing about a beaver is his tail."

The fireflies settled down to rest, leaving the roommates in darkness. Although Reynard slept soundly, Tiny did not close his eyes until he was so exhausted that he could keep them open no longer.

CHAPTER XIV.

Tiny was glad when the rosy dawn peeped over the eastern hills once more. The little dark room in which he lay did not look so cheerless in the bright light of day.



"THAT'S BILLY BEAVER," EXPLAINED REYNARD REDFOX, YAWNING. "HE IS CALLING FOR US TO GET UP."

Again there came the sound of knocking that resembled the beating of a drum.

"That is Billy Beaver," again explained Reynard Redfox, yawning. "He is calling for us to get up. We have just an hour in which to eat our breakfasts."

"Who gets breakfast for us?" asked Tiny, feeling much out of place in the strange new land.

"Each one gets his own breakfast, of course," replied Reynard, much amused. "We all require different kinds of food; and Miss Hare does not care how or where we get it, if we keep from injuring one another."

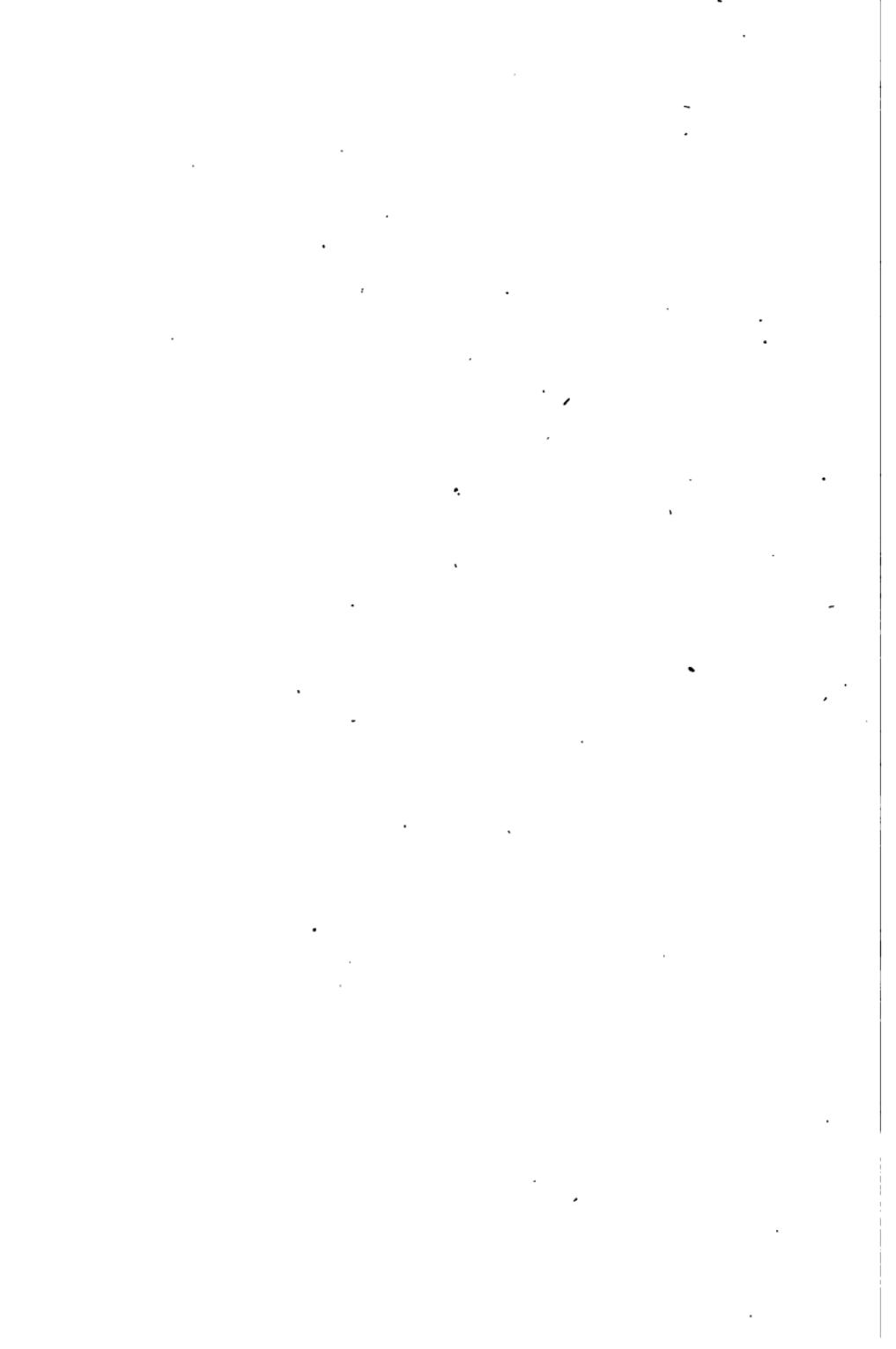
"Katie Goose, who is very cleanly, takes a swim in the creek, and hunts for seeds along the bank; Sammy Rabbit, a relative of Miss Hare, hunts for grain; and Winkie Weasel chases insects and catches frogs. Since I have become civilized, I am particularly fond of grapes, although I am never so happy as when strawberry season comes round.

"Shifty Woodchuck has less trouble in searching for his breakfast than any other pupil, for he goes to a field of red clover or wild buckwheat, and many a time he eats until he is not in good condition to study. Shifty is a sleepy little animal. He spends the winter in a nest of dried grasses that he builds in a hole in the ground. When the cold weather comes, he will get sleepy and will lay aside his studies to prepare for a long rest. Maybe he will sleep all winter, for no other animal sleeps so long or so soundly as the woodchuck."

It took Tiny but a few moments to smooth down his silken fur and to brush out his bushy tail. With a shrill cry of delight, he sprang from his new home and ran out into the bracing, frosty air. He sped over the willow brush that surrounded the



MISS HARE'S SCHOOL.



village of quaint beaver houses, and soon found himself in an oak tree where there were plenty of ripe acorns, moist with dew.

Hardly had he finished his breakfast when again he heard the tail of the beaver pounding heavily. He hastened back to the cluster of beaver houses with their round domes. Little animals of all kinds were bustling about on their way to the various recitation rooms. Billy Beaver, the janitor, told Tiny that he should go into the auditorium, which was the largest building of all. There he found Miss Hare, sitting behind a rough, wooden table. She wore a gray robe and a pair of large earrings. Her spectacles were so heavy that her eyes seemed very large; but he at once decided that she must be a kind teacher, as her voice was soft and gentle.

A number of animals sat on wooden benches facing Miss Hare. Reynard Redfox, who was the largest animal in school, sat in one corner by himself. His big, dark eyes were as mild as Tiny's. His coarse, shaggy fur was neatly brushed.

The room was decorated with flowers and carpeted with moss. An old-fashioned fireplace with bellows and tongs stood at one end of the room. Tiny, who had never before seen a fireplace, wondered where the fire came from. He afterwards learned that Billy Beaver made the fire by rubbing two sticks together, and that it was never permitted to go out.

Toadstools, cat-tails, and elderberry bushes were arranged against the walls, looking quite as artis-

tic as the bay-trees and other ornaments we see in fashionable hotels. Window curtains, woven of silk by spiders, and screens and cushions, woven of weeds, reeds, and grass by birds and mice, added to the comfort of the place. Snail shells and pretty stones, gathered by the pupils, also lent beauty to the room.



NOT WISHING TO BE OUTDONE BY HIS CLASSMATES, HE WENT FORWARD AND, WITH A LOW BOW, GAVE MISS HARE AN ACORN.

Tiny observed that each pupil presented the teacher with flowers and delicacies, which were laid on her desk. Not wishing to be outdone by his classmates, he went forward and, with a low bow, gave Miss Hare an acorn.

“Thank you,” said Miss Hare with a pleased smile, as she bent forward and gazed admiringly at

him through her dark spectacles. “I see that you have already learned the lesson of generosity. You are the little animal that Mr. Owl brought here last night, I suppose. I hope you will be very studious and learn a great deal. I will introduce you to two pupils in the language class. Mr. Redsquirrel, this pupil is Winkie Weasel; that pupil just coming in is Sammy Rabbit. Those pupils, who are

sitting in the back row of seats, are well advanced in their work; those pupils in the front seats are beginners. I will introduce them later on."

Tiny bowed to each of the pupils in the room, which included Shifty Woodchuck, who was very fat and sleepy-looking; Mr. Rabbitt, who had pink eyes and rosy ears; Mew Mew, who wore a blue bow; Bow Wow, with curly locks hanging over his eyes; Little Winkie Weasel, who possessed a long body and very short legs; Miss Field Mouse, who sat upon a toadstool; and several other pupils.

"I usually teach in rhyme," said Miss Hare, with an air of assurance that made Tiny think she was vastly learned. "I teach the multiplication table in rhyme, and in language I teach the use of verbs, nouns, and other parts of speech in the same way. There is no reason why one should not teach in rhyme, for it is natural and not easily forgotten."

She then told Tiny to sit by Winkie Weasel and, after opening her book, she looked over the class to be sure that each pupil was ready to give his attention.

"The class may read aloud together our lesson for to-day," she said, finally.

All the animals rose and read as follows:

THE ANIMAL ALPHABET.

A is *an* antelope, graceful and slim,

A beautiful antelope, dainty and trim.

B is *a* bee, flitting round all the day,
An industrious bee that stores honey away.

C is *a* chipmunk that lives in the ground,
An intelligent chipmunk with eyes black and round.

D is *a* dog that but seldom offends,
An affectionate dog, ever true to his friends.

E is *an* eagle, that seeks the tall pine,
A big golden eagle with feathers that shine.

F is *a* fox that fills chickens with fright,
An impudent fox that steals forth in the night.

G is *a* giraffe with a nose in the sky,
An upright giraffe that holds his head high.

H is *a* horse that has just lost his shoe,
An untiring horse, and a useful one, too.

I is *an* ibex, a wild mountain goat,
A wandering ibex that wears a fur coat.

J is *a* jackal of varying mood,
An ambitious jackal, both nimble and shrewd.

K is *a* kangaroo, clumsy and stout,
An active old kangaroo, leaping about.

L is *a* lamb that has never done wrong,
An innocent lamb that bleats all the day long.

M is *a* monkey that close to man ranks,
An over-fed monkey that likes to play pranks.

N is *a* nightingale, cheerful and bright,
An interesting nightingale singing at night.

O is *an* owl, independent and free,
A very wise owl that lives in a tree.

P is *a* pigeon with wide, sweeping tail,
An excitable pigeon that carries our mail.

Q is *a* quail, going forth for her food,
An excellent quail with her pretty young brood.

R is *a* rabbit as white as sea foam,
An upright, kind rabbit, quite fond of his home.

S is *a* swan, of which many are fond,
An elegant swan that glides round on the pond.

T is *a* tiger that hunters entrap,
An indolent tiger, now taking a nap.

U is *a* unicorn—how strange he looks—
An odd unicorn we find only in books.

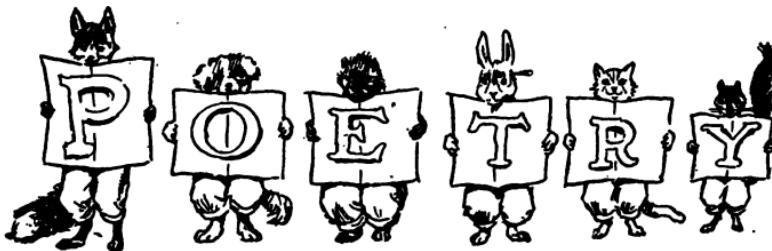
V is *a* vampire, as everyone knows,
An awkward old creature that hangs by its toes.

W is *a* weasel, quite fond of fresh meat,
An odd-looking weasel, but very discreet.

X is a xypoidal whale, I am told,
An angry xypoidal whale, so big and so bold.

Y is a yak, very much like an ox,
An elderly yak with long, bushy, gray locks.

Z is a zebra, black, yellow, and tan,
An obstinate zebra, of slight use to man.



CHAPTER XV.

Miss Hare's school was a very studious place during the fall; but when winter set in, some of the pupils began to lose interest in their work. The woodchuck, who was the dullest pupil in the lan-

guage class, went to his bed of dried clover one night and forgot to wake up until spring had returned. Tiny, himself, felt very sleepy at times, but he sat close to the fireplace in the schoolroom and studied as hard as he could, determined to get a good education. He did his work well. At recess-time he would run out upon the pile of branches that surrounded the school build-

ing, and play until Miss Hare rang the bell. Sometimes he would run a race with Winkie Weasel, but, as he always came out ahead, he soon wearied of the pastime.

At dusk he would go to his cozy room, and for an hour or more he and Reynard would talk over their lessons and their plans for the future. There were



SOMETIMES HE WOULD RUN A RACE
WITH WINKIE WEASEL.

no pretty fireflies to make light for them, but, when the moon was shining, they could see quite well. They grew contented to lie in their soft beds of leaves and reeds, and talk about the coming of spring.

One cold night they heard a knock. Reynard, who was feeling homesick, opened the door. There stood Puss Snowball, the cat, looking very beautiful against the pure white background of ice and snow, upon which the moon shone brightly.

"Good evening, Snowball," said Reynard, kindly. "Will you not come in?"

"I thought I would run over and have a little chat with you," said Snowball, nestling down in the coziest corner of the room. "My, isn't it cold! I believe I have frozen my whiskers and the tip of my nose."

"Cold weather doesn't last always," said Tiny, cheerily. "Reynard and I do our work quite as well in cold weather as in warm weather. If it were not for the ice and snow, we would not take so much delight in the green grass and the spring rains."

"I suppose not," said Snowball, his teeth chattering, "but I shouldn't mind the cold weather if I had a more agreeable companion. I can't understand why Miss Hare insists upon my rooming with Rover. You know cats and dogs never get along well."

"If you were too happy together, perhaps you would forget to study," suggested Reynard. "You

remember, Snowball, how the monkey and the parrot became so sociable that they had to leave school."

"Oh, Rover is very mannerly in some ways, but he growls and barks too much," complained Snowball, with a sigh. "They say it is natural for a dog to bark, although I can't see why he need be so noisy about it. He frightens me almost to death when he barks, and he is very unreasonable. To-night he has done many things to tease me. The other night he told me that my constant purring was very trying to his nerves. You know that a cat never purrs unless he is happy, so I suppose that my good nature makes him cross. How peculiar some animals are!"

Tiny said that every creature has its peculiarities, and it is best to overlook things that do not please us, since we all have disagreeable traits of our own.

"We wanted to organize a singing class," continued Snowball, changing the subject, "but when we called in Katie Goose to talk it over with us, Billy Beaver thrust his nose through the door and said that Miss Hare would never permit us to sing after night. He added that a cat, a dog, a goose, and a number of other creatures, would not make a very tuneful chorus, however fine we might be as soloists."

"Billy Beaver can't sing," said Reynard. "I can see his reason for objecting to a students' chorus."

"He is very rude," said Snowball, severely. "I shall not forget how horrid he made me feel the night that Weenie Mouse was missing. I am sure that he thought I might have eaten him. I was very glad, indeed, when they found Weenie hiding in Miss Hare's room, nibbling at an ear of corn."

"Recite the poem about the kitten that went to sleep when her mother had visitors," begged Tiny. "I am sure that Reynard would like to hear it."

Without waiting for Reynard to insist, Snowball recited, in his pretty purring manner, the following poem, which is said to amuse kittens even to the present day:

TABBY AND PRUE.

Quoth Dame Tabby Cat to her daughter, Miss Prue,

"I shall teach you a lesson, my dear,
For I am so very much older than you,
And very much wiser, I fear.

"I felt more ashamed than I ever can tell,
When you slept while my callers were here.
If you do it again, I will punish you well;
I will teach you some manners, my dear."

"Shall I sit wide awake while your busy tongues
fly?

Can I keep my eyes open so long?"
"You can, Prudy dear, if you only will try,
But you think it is smart to do wrong."

The anger of Tabby Cat grew quite intense,
When Prue said, "Please listen, I pray.
May I speak a few words in my own self-defense?"
And Tabby Cat answered, "You may."

"I ought not to sleep till your friends go away.
Such an act is a sorry mishap;
Yet you taught me to do it, for only to-day
You talked yourself into a nap."

"My friends stayed so long that I hardly could
peep,"
Said Tabby Cat, heaving a sigh;
"But, nevertheless, *you* must not fall fast asleep,
For you are much younger than I."

"It is a capital story," laughed Reynard, when
Snowball had finished. "I saw Tiny laughing
many times."

Before the squirrel could thank the cat for his
kindness, Billy Beaver pounded at the door, and in
another moment stood before them.

"I overheard you talking about me, Mr. Snow-
ball; also about Rover and others," he said, turn-
ing to the cat, who, in the moonlight, looked very
pale and frightened.

"Did I understand you to say that you were
eavesdropping?" Snowball finally inquired, with a
show of dignity.

"It is no worse to eavesdrop than it is to gossip
about one's closest friends," replied the beaver.

"I have seen Miss Hare. I told her that you were not pleased with your roommate, and she has ordered me to make a change. In the future you shall room with Weenie Mouse."

"How terrible!" exclaimed Puss, greatly shocked. "I shall be under restraint all the time. Poor Rover! Perhaps he has had his hard times, too. What if I should get vexed at Weenie and swallow him?"

"Miss Hare says that you will never do that, because her pupils are too strong to yield to temptation," said the beaver, seriously.

"But why does Miss Hare punish poor Weenie by making him room with a cat?" gasped Puss.

"Because Weenie was found in Miss Hare's pantry again, helping himself to corn and other dainties," replied Billy Beaver. "Miss Hare wishes you to room with Weenie so that you can restrain each other. The best way to cure two disturbers who dislike each other is to make them live together."



CHAPTER XVI.

The little animals of Miss Hare's school were glad when winter was at an end. They were anxious to get out of doors; and, when the sun shone warmer and the trees began to shoot forth their tender leaves, they felt very happy, indeed.



TINY STUDIED HARD, THAT HE
MIGHT BE ABLE TO GRADUATE
WITH HIS CLASS IN THE MONTH
OF JUNE.

Tiny studied hard, that he might be able to graduate with his class in the month of June. He knew that to graduate did not mean to be educated. A thorough knowledge of language and good manners were about all that Miss Hare was capable of teaching, for the little creatures of Animal Kingdom did not require as

much learning as people of the great business world. Miss Hare told her pupils many times that the schoolroom is simply a place to teach the young how to educate themselves. Tiny, from past experience, had learned that some of the greatest lessons are taught outside the schoolroom. He often thought of the owl prophet, the queen bee, and the City of Ants.

One day Miss Hare gave her pupils a lesson in pronouns, or words used for names. These little words were at first troublesome to Tiny, but Miss Hare made him use them over and over again, until he understood them perfectly. In fact, the words *I*, *we*, *she*, *they*, *who*, and *it*, used as subjects of sentences, and *me*, *us*, *him*, *her*, *them*, and *whom*, used as the objects of verbs, became almost as familiar to Tiny as were good Miss Hare's spectacles.

In order to keep her pupils from forgetting what they had learned, Miss Hare taught them the following little song, which they sang over and over again:

PRONOUNS.

As the subject of a verb, we may use *I*;

Thus, "It was *I*," or "*I* have caught a fly;"

And we now will name a few

Pronouns used as subjects, too:

"It was *they*," "It was *you*," "It was *who*?"

We may ask, "Who saw the bee upon the rose?"

Or, "It was dressed in very modest clothes,"

Or, "Who scared the little bee?"

"Was it any of us three?"

"Was it *we*?" "Was it *she*?" "Was it *he*?"

Pronouns may be used as objects, you may see;

As, "Good health has kindly favored *him* and *me*."

Or, "No matter what we do,

Love will make *us* strong and true;"
"I love *her*," "I love *him*," "I love *you*."

We may ask, "From *whom* did owls learn to boast?"

Or, "Around *whom* does the sunshine linger most?"

Or, perchance, may cry in glee,
"May good fortune come to *thee*,
And to *her*, and to *him*, and to *me*!"



SHE OPENED THE DOOR AND ADMITTED THE OWL PROPHET.

While they were singing their evening song, a knock was heard at the door. Miss Hare, who was very cautious, went to the door and called out:
"Who is it?"
"Hoot, hoot, hoot!" was the response.

"To whom am I speaking?" continued the teacher, somewhat embarrassed.

"To Mr. Owl, who lives several leagues away," was the polite reply.

"Whom do you wish to see?" asked Miss Hare.

"I wish to visit Miss Hare's school."

She opened the door and admitted the owl prophet, whose feathers were smoothed down in perfect condition.

"I am very glad to see you," said the teacher. "It is so seldom you go abroad in the daytime that I am honored to have you visit us."

"Between you and me, I have long been wishing for an opportunity to visit your school," returned the owl with a bow.

"With whom are you living now?" asked Miss Hare, offering him a perch by the side of her desk.

"My brother and I are living with the Bat family. I grew tired of my old castle, because it was at the edge of the great forest, and the wind was too strong there. One night he and I were blown from our perches. Mr. and Mrs. Bat took my brother and me to their home. It is very comfortable there, and we owls like comfort, you know."

Mr. Owl then looked over the class with his great, yellow eyes. For the first time, Tiny observed that owls' eyes do not move in their sockets as the eyes of most creatures do; but that, to make up for that, nature has made it possible for the owl to turn his head almost entirely around to see objects. Miss Hare's eyes were quite different from those of Mr.

Owl; for she had no eyelids, and Tiny had learned that, when she slept, a thin white membrane covered her eyes.

"Will you remain awhile with my pupils and me?" asked Miss Hare.

"Thank you; I'll stay a few minutes, if I don't get too sleepy," said Mr. Owl.

When his eyes fell upon Tiny, the little squirrel made a polite bow; but the owl prophet stared at him without speaking a word. He evidently did not remember the squirrel.

"What has become of Chatty Chipmunk?" he finally asked, after Miss Hare had again sat down at her desk.

"He left school some time ago," said Miss Hare, in a pained voice.

"Why?"

"Because it was necessary to punish him. He was very saucy. Once he ridiculed an animal because she had long ears."

"Whom did he ridicule?"

"Me."

"I am sorry for that," said the owl prophet.
"Who punished him?"

"I."

"It served him right, and I am glad he left school," said the owl, flapping his wings in approval. "It makes no difference to either you or me."

"Certainly, not," replied Miss Hare. "He is to blame, not I. The public must blame him, not me."

"I hope that I never shall bring you another such unworthy pupil," said the owl.

"You brought me one of the best pupils I ever had," said Miss Hare, pointing towards Tiny. "He is the little creature here on the front seat."

Mr. Owl stared at Tiny; and the little animal bowed politely, very much embarrassed.

"Can it be he!" exclaimed the owl. "How you



MR. OWL STARED AT TINY AND THE LITTLE ANIMAL BOWED
POLITELY.

have grown, Tiny! Are you really the squirrel whom I found but a few months ago?"

"Yes, I am the squirrel who was lost," replied Tiny. "You told me how to get back to Squirrel-town, and taught me many things. I am grateful to you, sir."

Mr. Owl seemed greatly pleased, but he checked Tiny's polite thanks by saying:

"You look much like Chatty Chipmunk."

"Yes, but he is smaller than I," replied Tiny with another bow.

For a few minutes Miss Hare and Mr. Owl talked concerning the school. It was evident to Tiny that Mr. Owl was one of the trustees and that he was doing a great deal to make the school successful, as all trustees should do.

At last he turned to the class and said:

"You must all study very hard; for soon the days will get warmer; then you will have spring fever. I want each of the graduating class to write a composition to be recited on the last day of school. A prize will be given to the pupil who writes the best one. He that wins the prize will be a very happy creature. Him that wins I will give another prize of even greater value."

The scholars were made very happy by this announcement of Mr. Owl; and, while he was preparing to leave, they all rose from their seats and stood in respectful silence until Miss Hare sat down again. Then they began to study harder than ever before.

CHAPTER XVII.

When Tiny learned to write letters, he spent many happy hours corresponding with his mother and his friends at Squirreldown. Almost every

day a messenger pigeon brought him a letter, which he read with great pleasure. Here are a few of these letters that passed between Beaver Creek and Squirreldown:



ALMOST EVERY DAY A MESSENGER PIGEON BROUGHT HIM A LETTER.

Beaver Creek, Joy Co.,
Animal Kingdom,
May 1, —.

My Dear Mother:

While you were sleeping away the long, cold winter, I was studying with all my might, trying to keep at the head of my

class.

I like Beaver Creek very much. Miss Hare is a good and capable teacher. I shall be sorry to graduate from here in June, and yet I am anxious to get back to Squirreldown again.

The spring flowers are blooming all about Beaver Creek. I wish you could see how beautiful they are. The daisy, which is like a white star, opens with the morning sun. The morning glory shuts up its sweet petals before noon. The dandelion opens early, but closes when the heat becomes too great. The anemone, so blue and so fragile, sleeps at the approach of a storm; while the water lily curls up and hides itself in the mud at the bottom of the pond. The marsh marigold is a hardy little flower. It drinks, drinks, drinks, from morning till night, pleased with any kind of weather.

I will tell you more about the beauties of Beaver Creek, one of these days. In the meantime, please write and tell me about dear old Squirreltown.

Your affectionate son,

TINY.

Mrs. Jane Redsquirrel,
124 Oak Avenue,
Squirreltown,
Animal Kingdom.

124 Oak Avenue,
Squirreltown,
Animal Kingdom,
May 8, —.

My Dear Son:

I was very glad to hear from you and to learn that you are well and happy.

Dr. Flyingsquirrel, the mayor, and many of your friends inquire about you each day. Peggy and

Bushy Graysquirrel, who have grown quite large since you saw them, are planning to give a party for you when you return.

You will be glad to learn that Chatty Chipmunk returned home just before winter set in. He had been wandering for a long, long time. Once he thrust his inquisitive nose into a nest of yellow-jackets, and it took him a long time to recover.

I feel so sorry for the Chipmunks. They are all, with the exception of Chatty, such active, industrious creatures. I fear he will never outlive the bad habits formed in his early youth. He does little but sleep in his round room at the end of the long hall, and eat large quantities of beechnuts.

Now, my son, learn all you can. Do not eat too many acorns, and be sure to keep your fur clean and smooth.

Your devoted mother,
JANE REDSQUIRREL.

Mr. Tiny Redsquirrel,
Beaver Creek, Joy Co., Animal Kingdom.

Beech Hotel,
Squirreldown, Animal Kingdom,
May 14, ____.

Dear Friend:

I received your jolly letter, and I am going to show my appreciation by sending an early reply.

Sister Peggy and I are spending a few days with our friend, Polly Blacksquirrel. We are all well, after our long winter's nap, and are enjoying ourselves greatly.

The other day, Polly took Peggy and me down to the pond to hear a famous orchestra. We sat upon a mossy seat close to the blue water, and patiently waited until all the musicians had come out of the water and had taken their seats on the green lily pads. The leader of the band was very pompous, and his white vest was covered with medals. I had to laugh at the airs he put on.

The musicians, of course, were frogs, and they all wore green coats and white vests. They looked so odd with their bulging eyes and swelling throats! One large bull frog played a bass viol. He was a savage fellow, and, frequently, he would go down into the water to eat poor little tadpoles.

Now you know that gray squirrels are more fond of music than are any other kind of squirrel; but, so far as I am concerned, I do not like to be too close to a frog orchestra.

Is it not queer that frogs and fishes, both of which live in the water, are so unlike? Polly's father said that if a frog keeps his mouth open very long, he will die; while a fish has to keep his mouth open most of the time to permit his breathing organs to act properly.

Peggy and Polly join me in sending you our kindest regards.

Your true friend,
BUSHY GRAYSQUIRREL.

Tiny Redsquirrel, Esq.,
Beaver Creek,
Animal Kingdom.

Beaver Creek, Joy Co., Animal Kingdom,
May 18, ____.

My Dear Dr. Flyingsquirrel:

Mother told me that you would appreciate a letter from me; so, on this beautiful morning, I have decided to write to you.

Yesterday, Miss Hare and we pupils were out in the thicket and on the great moor east of Beaver Creek. We were studying nature, by which to test the books that we read.

My companion was Winkie Weasel. He has a long, lean body, and a short, black tail. He is very good-natured most of the time, but, occasionally, he gets very angry over small things. Then his nose seems to grow pointed, and his eyes turn green. He wears a yellow coat now. Later he will change it for a dark brown one, while in winter he wears white. Although Winkie takes things that do not belong to him and tries to act innocent, I like him because he is so bright and shrewd.

Such a glorious day as it was! The birds were chattering all about us, building nests in which to rear their broods. Miss Hare said I was fortunate to be able to climb so well, for it gave me such good opportunities to inspect birds and their nests.

Once we were startled by a loud thump! thump! thump! Then we heard a chorus of piping voices, and saw a covy of partridges running through the tall grass. They are peculiar little creatures, and they never try to run until some one almost steps upon them. They were out hunting for seeds, buds,

and insects. Miss Hare told us that the partridge wears bristles that serve as snowshoes in winter, so it can walk on the soft snow without sinking.

We saw pigeons fluttering about in the blue sky, while swallows, with graceful, slender wings, flitted by, busily building their nests.

The sweet scent of spring had brought the cuckoos to the north. I could see one of them flying in a very straight line, his long tail steadyng his flight. I have always loved the voice of the cuckoo; but I do not admire the bird, since Miss Hare has told me how very unprincipled she is.

I should like to tell you about some of the other birds I saw, but I fear you would think my letter too long. Busy people like you do not like to waste so much time reading letters.

Wishing you health and success, I am,

Yours very respectfully,

TINY REDSQUIRREL.

Dr. Airy Flyingsquirrel,
64 Hickory Ave.,
Squirreltown, Animal Kingdom.

64 Hickory Ave.,
Squirreltown, Animal Kingdom,
May 25, —.

Dear Tiny:

Your letter filled my heart with delight. We old squirrels appreciate letters from our young friends, and we are glad to be remembered in our declining years. The young who remember the old will be

rewarded when they themselves are no longer young.

I, too, fly about a great deal, studying the various birds and their eggs. You wrote about the cuckoo, and I agree with you that she is a very unprincipled creature.

She lays her eggs on the hard ground, because she and her mate are too indolent to build a nest. She places her eggs in various nests for other birds to hatch. Usually she prefers robins' nests, for they are very comfortable. You can imagine how surprised the robin or any other bird would be, when its brood hatches, to find among the number a large, healthy cuckoo with a wide mouth and an enormous appetite. But the kind foster parents feed the young cuckoo just as they do their own children.

And what does the cuckoo orphan do to repay such kindness? He eats and sleeps and grows larger all the time; and, finally, one day when the old birds are away, he tumbles his foster brothers and sisters out of the nest, and stretches himself out comfortably, waiting for his dinner. The selfish, cruel bird never thinks of anyone but himself. When his foster parents return, they are grieved not to find their little ones, but they do not scold the cuckoo at all. They keep on feeding him until he is full-fledged. Then, on some bright day, he takes wings and flies away, leaving his foster parents to grieve after him.

Jenny Wren is a neat, modest little body. Do you

know her? She wears a plain brown gown, for she has so much to do she cannot dress very stylishly. Her wings are hard and stiff, so she can beat the air when she flies; but the feathers close to her tiny body are soft and warm.

She likes to build her nest beneath the gnarled roots of a tree or against a stone in a bed of moss. It is covered with a little dome and has a tiny door, which opens on the sunny side. I once peeped into Jenny's home and found it neat and cozy. An orderly housekeeper she is, I can tell you! Her bed is made of fine feathers, hair, and delicate grasses. The roof of her home is made of moss, twigs, and lichens.

We are all very well, and we hope that you will call to see us soon after your return home.

Cordially yours,

AIRY FLYINGSQUIRREL.

Mr. Tiny Redsquirrel,
Beaver Creek,
Joy Co., Animal Kingdom.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Reynard caught a cold just two weeks before Miss Hare's school closed for the summer. He was very ill, indeed; but Tiny, Snowball, and his other

friends did all they could to make him comfortable.

Miss Hare spent one evening with Reynard. Puss Snowball, Winkie Weasel, and Tiny were present. They had a pleasant time, in Reynard's humble room, which the stars made almost bright as day.



MISS HARE SPENT ONE EVENING WITH REYNARD. PUSS SNOWBALL, WINKIE WEASEL AND TINY WERE PRESENT.

“Shall I get you some corn?” Miss Hare finally asked.

“I don’t want no corn,” groaned Reynard, whose head ached severely.

“Very well, I will bring you some,” said Miss Hare, rising to leave the room.

“I don’t want no corn!” repeated Reynard, so surprised that his head almost stopped aching.

"That means that you *do* want some corn," laughed Miss Hare. "I suppose you meant to say that you *don't* want *any* corn, or that you want *no* corn. Be careful what you say, Reynard, and never use two denying words where the meaning needs but one. The other day I heard you say, 'I haven't seen *nothing*,' which meant that you must have seen *something*. You also said, 'He is *not* doing *nothing*,' which meant that he was doing *something*."

"Thank you, Miss Hare," said Reynard, with chagrin. "I know that I am sometimes very careless in the use of English. But now my head feels so much better that perhaps, after all, *I don't* need *no* corn."

Miss Hare laughed again, with more pleasure this time, and gave him a few kernels of corn which she had brought with her.

"Now we must do something to amuse Reynard," said Miss Hare, pleasantly. "What shall we do?"

"I should like to hear Snowball sing a song," said Reynard. "He sings good."

"He does not sing *good*, but he sings *well*," corrected Miss Hare, in a low voice to Reynard. "Will you sing, Snowball?"

"I can't sing to-night," said Snowball. "I, too, have a bad cold."

"You have a *severe* cold," said Miss Hare. "It is as wrong to say that you have a *bad* cold as it is to say that you received a *good* whipping."

Snowball was one of those individuals who do not

like to be corrected, so for a few moments he shrugged his shoulders and pouted.

Miss Hare turned towards Tiny and said in a cheerful voice:

“Perhaps Tiny will tell us about Squirreltown.”

“Good! good!” shouted enthusiastic Winkie Weasel, leaping awkwardly into the air to show his delight. “Tell us about the time you wandered through the great forest and did not know where you were at.”

“Fy, fy, Winkie!” cried his teacher, shaking with laughter. “How you abuse such useful little words as *at*, *to*, and *for*. You make them work when they should be resting. You say that Tiny did not know where he was *at*, nor where he was going *to*, when you should say that Tiny did not know where he was, nor where he was going. One should not place *at*, *to*, *for*, or some other *unnecessary* little word at the end of a sentence.”

Snowball was very glad to hear the teacher correct Winkie, and soon he regained his usual good humor.

“Winkie and I are both alike in our use of bad English,” he chuckled.

“You are especially apt to use unnecessary words, Snowball,” said Miss Hare. “Why should you say ‘Winkie and I are *both* alike,’ when it takes less time to say, ‘Winkie and I are alike’?”

Snowball stared stupidly for a while, but did not seem vexed.

"I thought to myself that Snowball was making an incorrect statement," tittered Winkie.

"Of course, you thought to yourself," said the teacher with a twinkle in her eye. "You certainly could not think aloud."

"No, but he knows how to laugh aloud," said Snowball, somewhat scornfully.

"Now, Tiny, you may tell us something about Squirreltown," said Miss Hare.

Tiny did not feel so brave about talking as he did on the day he tried to address the mayor and citizens of his native town, for he knew that his present audience was a very critical one. However, he began:

"A wide path leads into Squirreltown. At the place where it enters the city it is very wide indeed. An oak tree stands on both sides of this path—"

"How strange!" interrupted Miss Hare. "Isn't it rather unusual for a tree to stand on both sides of a path?"

"There are two trees," stammered Tiny.

"Oh, I see," said Miss Hare, a flash of understanding shining in her eyes. "You mean to say that on *each* side of the path there is an oak tree."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Tiny, with a nod. "The trees in the city do not contain many acorns, but these two trees are filled full of them."

"Of course, if they are *filled* with acorns, they must be *full* of them," laughed Miss Hare. "It sounds as badly to say *filled full* as it does to say

little small. Just how are the trees filled with acorns, Tiny? Are the trunks hollow?"

"The branches of the two trees," bravely continued Tiny, "bear so many acorns that they could yield all the squirrels in the land an acorn."

"Then the branches can not bear very many acorns," said Miss Hare. "One acorn could not very well be divided among such a host of squirrels."

"I mean that these two trees could yield *each* squirrel in the land an acorn," said Tiny, with energy.

"That is right," said Miss Hare, much pleased. "Tiny is one who thinks, and I believe that in time he will learn to speak correctly."

"I have lived in Squirreltown nearly all my life, and—"

"How many squirrels live there?" interrupted the teacher.

"Several hundred," replied Tiny, proudly.

"Then it is not such a great city, after all. It would be better to say that you lived *at* Squirreltown. When it becomes a great city, you can say that you lived *in* Squirreltown."

"I lived on Oak Avenue—"

"It is better to say that you lived *in* Oak Avenue," suggested Miss Hare.

"One day a bear met my mother with crooked teeth, and—"

"Who had crooked teeth, the bear or your mother?" tittered Snowball.

“The bear, to be sure,” retorted Tiny, growing quite indignant.

“You should place your helping phrases where they will give the right meaning,” said Miss Hare.

“There are many animals ready to make sport of us if we are not careful to say just what we mean.”

“Really, I am so puzzled that I have forgotten what I intended to say,” said Tiny, sitting down. “I cannot say properly where I am, or where I live, or anything else. All I know is that I am very dull.”

“You are not dull,” declared Miss Hare. “When an animal finds out that he has much to learn, it is a good indication that he really knows something. Only the ignorant are satisfied with their own imperfect way of speaking. Now I will sing for you a little lullaby that an otter formerly sang to her little one every night:

SONG OF REST.

“*Set* down your basket, busy little one;

 Please *set* it where it *sat* yesterday,
And let it *sit* there while I sing the song

 You love to hear when daylight turns to gray.

“Now you *have set* the basket in its place;

 It *sits* just where you *set* it oft before.
Sit down beside me; do not speak a word,

 And I will hush my babe to sleep once more.

“Now we *are sitting* in the fading light,
As we *have sat* before so many times.
While mother held you closely to her breast,
And evening bells rang out their golden chimes.

“*Lay* down your toys, my busy little one.
When you *have laid* them down I’ll sing to you;
We’ll let them *lie* until the rosy morn
Again peeps o’er the valley bathed in dew.

“*Lie* down; *lie* closely as you *lay* last night.
See, mother *lies* beside her little one,
Just as she *lay* last night to guard your rest
Until the east was lighted by the sun.

“Now *lie* until your active little frame
Is tired of *lying* in the same old way;
When we *have lain* till sleep has sped again
We’ll rise to greet another joyous day.”

Hardly had Miss Hare finished singing the lullaby, when Billy Beaver began thumping with his tail to let all the students of Beaver Creek know that it was time to retire.

“Goodnight, Reynard. I hope you will sleep well,” said the teacher kindly. “Goodnight, Tiny and Snowball and Winkie. I hope that my criticisms will benefit you. Remember that I meant them all in kindness. Is there anything I can do for you, Reynard?”

“Yes, please,” said the fox, hoarsely. “Tell Billy to bring me a cold pan of water.”

“Poor fox! Poor fox! I will tell him to bring you a pan of *cold water*,” said Miss Hare, with a hearty laugh that set her long ears to bobbing. “It makes little difference whether or not the *pan* is *cold*.”

CHAPTER XIX.

On Saturday afternoon Tiny and Winkie Weasel went out for a frolic in the forest beyond the river. Reynard Redfox had almost recovered from his severe cold, but he stayed at home, thinking of the golden summer so near at hand with its red strawberries and wild grapes.

Winkie came from a family of very bloodthirsty and suspicious character, but Miss Hare's teachings had made him as gentle as Weenie Mouse. Although Tiny had been taught to shun weasels, he had become quite fond of Winkie, because he was bright and active.

Side by side they made their way through the deep forest. The birds sang merrily and the sun shone brightly. Lady's-slippers with lemon-colored pouches and long slender leaves grew in the damp, low grounds. Occasionally a rose-colored one nodded its fairy head at them.

"Summer will come soon," said Tiny, his voice ringing with happiness.

"Yes," replied Winkie, as he stopped to sniff at a fallen log. "How glad I am that cold weather has passed away!"

A turn in the path brought them to a clump of hazel bushes, where a queer spectacle met their

gaze. An animal covered with mud and moss was trailing along towards the creek. A striped gopher, a queer little animal with bloated cheeks and no neck at all, was annoying the poor creature by jumping upon its back.



A QUEER LITTLE ANIMAL WITH BLOATED CHEEKS AND NO NECK AT ALL WAS TORMENTING THE POOR CREATURE BY JUMPING UPON ITS BACK.

“It is a turtle,” said Tiny, who had seen creatures of its kind before. “It has just awakened from its winter slumber. You know that a turtle settles down in the mud as soon as the frost kills the insects, and there it stays until warm weather comes again.”

“Stop teasing that turtle!” cried Winkie to the gopher. “If you do not cease, you shall feel the points of my teeth. Come here.”

The gopher jumped from the turtle’s back, and, holding his head to one side, said good-naturedly:

"I am tired of teasing the slothful turtle, **but**
I am not too tired to run a race with you. Let **us**
see which of us three will beat in a race."

Winkie readily consented; but, just as they had drawn up in line to take a dash down the narrow pathway, a deep growl resounded through the thicket. Quick as a flash Winkie darted into a hollow stump.



"FOLLOW ME," SAID THE GOPHER, AS HE DISAPPEARED
INTO A HOLE IN THE GROUND.

"Follow me," said the gopher, quite self-possessed, as he disappeared into a hole in the ground. Tiny did not like the idea of being under ground, nor was he fond of animals that burrow; but he obeyed, for he was frightened. He trembled violently.

They entered a dark hall, at the end of which was a little, round room containing a comfortable bed of soft grasses and fur.

"This is a cozy place," said Tiny, sinking down to rest.

"It is my home," said the little animal. "I suppose you know that I am Jolly Gopher. It is fortunate that you happened to be so near my residence when the panther happened along. Panthers are rare in this temperate zone, and I am glad of it. What if the savage beast had attacked me while I was riding? I am glad that you like my humble home."

"It is a restful place for lazy animals, but I should not like to dwell here," said Tiny, frankly. "I always distrusted creatures that burrow in the ground away from the air and sunshine, until I went to Miss Hare's school."

"What has Miss Hare's school to do with it?" asked the gopher, his mouth open.

"I learned that Mother Earth," said Tiny, "is kind indeed to poor little defenseless animals, whom she protects from savage animals and hunters. Animals all live where they can have the greatest safety. The fish lives in the depths of the water, the squirrel in the tree, the cricket under a rock, and the gopher in the ground. How fortunate it is that we do not all live in the same place!"

"I am fond of living down in the ground," resumed the gopher after a moment of silence. "No panther nor any other beast bigger than myself

can meddle with my affairs. I saunter forth early in the morning and fill my pockets with fresh, green things. You see that my pockets hang down from my cheeks. I hurry back and stow away my food. When it rains, I stay indoors and sleep and eat. A gopher's life is a very peaceful one."

"I wish I might have pockets," said Tiny, wistfully.



SHE IS ABOUT THE ONLY ANIMAL
THAT DOES NOT FEAR THE STING
OF A BEE.

"We squirrels don't have them, you know. I believe I am the only squirrel that carries a hunting bag. It was made for me by a tailor bird. She is a rare and curious bird who makes a nest that looks like a bag. She selects tough leaves and sews them together with long, firm strips of growing plants. She uses her bill as a needle."

"How remarkable!" exclaimed the gopher. "I think it would be nicer to carry a hunting bag than to have pockets in my cheeks. Sometimes my pockets are so full I can't get inside my house."

"The bee also has pockets—six little pockets," said Tiny, reflectively.

"And the opossum and several other animals have pockets in which they carry their children," added the gopher wisely.

"You seem to observe things as much as I do," said Tiny, admiringly.

"Yes, I travel a great deal and have seen many queer things," replied the gopher, proudly.

"Once I burrowed down into a badger's home," he went on. "I saw the nursery with the little badgers playing about in their bed of moss and grass. The mother badger was very civil to me. She is about the only animal that does not fear the sting of a bee, because her skin is so tough and her hair is so thick. It seems to me that of all animals, the badger is treated with the greatest cruelty. When the hunters catch her, they permit their dogs to torture her to death. The harder the poor creature fights to get away, the worse they abuse her, and the greater it pleases the cruel hunters. Sometimes the poor animal endures this brutal treatment for a full day."

"I have often heard that the verb *to badger* means *to tease*, or *to torment*," said Tiny.

"I do not know anything about verbs," replied the gopher, "but I do know that some hunters are very cruel."

"Have you ever seen a mole's nest?" asked Tiny.

"Oh, yes, when I was quite small, I had the privilege of visiting one," replied the gopher enthusiastically. "You may think that the mole is a very stupid animal, but I assure you that he is not."

"An animal that lives in the dirt all the time couldn't be very intelligent," interrupted Tiny. "Besides, his eyes and ears are so small, he surely cannot see and hear well."

“Little eyes and ears are often more keen than larger ones,” quickly replied Jolly Gopher. “Do you suppose that a giraffe can see or hear better than you can? It is fortunate that the mole has such tiny eyes and ears, otherwise they would catch a great deal of dirt, as the little animal burrows through the earth. The mole is very clean in appearance. He sleeps three hours and then he works three hours as long as he lives. He is a great builder; he sinks wells to quench his thirst; he can run fast; he can swim; and he can fight. He loves his home in the ground. He seldom comes out.”

“Does he have a nice bed like yours?” asked Tiny, much interested.

“Indeed, he has,” said the gopher. “His home is one of the most wonderful things I have ever seen. It is reached by passing through one of several long, straight halls. The walls are so solid that the rain seldom leaks through. I went into one of these halls, and with some difficulty made my way into another one, which was circular. From this hall five passages led to another hall above my head. I stopped at the foot of the nearest passage to rest. Then I went up. The upper hall was circular, but not so large as the lower one. I knew that I was at the summit of the mole hill, for I could plainly hear the birds singing overhead. From this upper circular hall three more passages led down to the main room. I went down into this room and sat very quietly there for a few moments.

I wondered why the mole had made it so difficult to get into his house."

"I suppose he wants to make his house as safe as possible," suggested the squirrel.

"Precisely so," said the gopher. "If he and his family hear some vicious animal coming through one of the long halls, they have a chance to escape. The central room is a kind of fortress where they seek protection."

"Did you ever see any of the little moles?" asked Tiny, excitedly.

"No. I learned afterwards that their nursery was built at a point where two or more of the long halls cross one another. It was situated in an out of the way place with many avenues of escape. Their bed was made of blades of grass and other soft material. I am sure that the nest of a mole is safer than that of a goldfinch hanging high up in a tree. Why does the goldfinch usually build her nest at the end of a branch?"

"Because she likes to have her nest dance up and down and sway about in the breeze," said Tiny. "The goldfinch builds very well. Her nest is made of lichens and moss and sheep's wool, and is so fashioned that the little birds cannot roll out. What jolly times the goldfinches must have teetering up and down in a roomy nest on a starlit night!"

"Yet they surely suffer when it storms, while the little moles are never bothered by lightning and thunder," quickly interposed the gopher. "I sup-

pose it is fortunate that all animals do not have the same ideas about things."

"I should like to hear something about prairie dogs," said Tiny, after a while.

"I will gladly tell you," returned the gopher, settling himself more comfortably. "Sometimes hundreds of prairie dogs live together in one city. It is interesting to watch the round towers of their dwellings. Most prairie dogs have small brown eyes and grayish-red fur. Although they are agile little animals, they do not work much. You would laugh to see them when they bark, for they shake their stumpy tails and jerk to and fro. They yelp like dogs. Some of them act as guards and sit out upon their roofs all day long, looking about the horizon. When an enemy approaches, they bark loudly and rush into their houses, and all the chattering ceases. For a while the city is as quiet as night; but, in a few minutes, many inquisitive, dark eyes peep out to see if danger still threatens them."

"Their city must be a very lively place," observed Tiny.

"Many other animals visit there," said the gopher. "All kinds of vicious creatures flock to a great city, you know. The prairie dogs are often molested by hawks, burrowing owls, and coyotes. I believe I prefer to live in the country."

"I am quite satisfied with my mode of living, as we all should be," said Tiny. "I have been greatly benefited by learning about these animals. If one

should get blue or homesick or discouraged, it would pay him to visit a gopher and find out how other less fortunate animals live. Then he would return home quite contented with his lot. I thank you for teaching me so much."

"You are welcome," replied the gopher. "I, too, have learned from you, so we have been mutually helped. I never knew before that it is wrong to engage in any kind of sport that gives pain to another. Henceforth I will never tease a turtle or take a ride on his back."

"I must go," declared Tiny, rising from his downy couch.

"Stay longer," pleaded the gopher. "The moon rises early, and—"

"That is no reason why I should go to bed late," interrupted Tiny. "My teacher may worry about me. Goodby, Mr. Gopher."

"Goodby. You must come back," replied the gopher sleepily.

Before Tiny could reach the door, his acquaintance with the pockets in his cheeks was fast asleep.

The little red squirrel's heart beat with joy and thankfulness when the dewy air, laden with the sweet fragrance of early summer, again greeted his nostrils. With nimble leaps he made his way through the leaf-strewn pathway to the edge of the crystal stream. Before him lay the quaint beaver houses that had become so dear to him, while beyond, the pink western skies faded softly into gray, like the happy days of his youth.

CHAPTER XX.

About two weeks before the close of school, Miss Hare met with a misfortune. Because of the great amount of work she had to do, grading examination papers, her eyes became so weak that she scarcely



AS SOON AS HE HAD WRITTEN A LETTER, HE ROLLED IT NEATLY, ADDRESSED IT CAREFULLY, AND GAVE IT TO BILLY BEAVER, WHO CALLED A CARRIER PIGEON.

could use them. Tiny felt sorry for the patient, hard-working teacher, and offered to be of assistance to her.

“You may come into the schoolroom and help me,” she said to him one Saturday morning. “I have a number of important letters to write. You

are very painstaking, and I shall be glad to have your assistance."

Tiny followed her into the room and sat down beside the desk, very happy to be of some use to one he so thoroughly respected. The material upon which he wrote was not so white and smooth as the paper used in schoolrooms nowadays. It was simply birch bark that could be rolled up and tied with heavy grass. The ink he used was the juice of the pokeberry, and his pen was a goose quill.

As soon as he had written a letter, he rolled it neatly, addressed it carefully, and gave it to Billy Beaver, who called a carrier pigeon to take it to its place of destination.

During the hour that Tiny spent in the schoolroom that morning, he learned about money orders and drafts, for it is said that at one time the more enlightened residents of Animal Kingdom made use of them.

Here are a few letters that Tiny either wrote or read for Miss Hare:

1. BUSINESS LETTER.

Beaver Creek, Joy Co., Animal Kingdom,
May 25, —

Messrs. Sheep, Goat & Co.,
63, 65, 67 Bleat Street,
Herd City, Animal Kingdom.

Gentlemen:

Please send at your earliest convenience the following articles for use in my boarding school:

2 quarts milk.
15 pounds wool.
1 dozen quills.

I enclose money order for three dollars.

Yours respectfully,
(MISS) MOLLY HARE.

2. BUSINESS LETTER.

Beaver Creek, Joy Co., Animal Kingdom,

May 25, —

Messrs. Fido, Carlo & Co.,
Dogtown, Animal Kingdom.

Gentlemen:

Please send by Pony Express:

1 uniform for janitor, size No. 3.

2 yards horsehair cloth, as per sample.

1 school bench, as per catalogue.

Enclosed find draft for ten dollars (\$10).

Respectfully,
(MISS) MOLLY HARE.

3. BUSINESS LETTER.

118 Hill Avenue,
Rolling City,
May 16, —

Miss Molly Hare,
Principal, Beaver Creek School,
Beaver Creek, Animal Kingdom.

Dear Madam:

For the enclosed money order (\$1.25) please

send to my address "The Beaver Creek School Journal" for one year, beginning next month.

Your truly,

JUMPINGTON PRAIRIEDOG.

4. INFORMAL NOTE.

Dear Miss Hare:

Please excuse Glossy Marten from school all next week on account of illness in the family.

Will you kindly tell her to travel via Central Route to avoid danger?

Very respectfully yours,

MRS. BEAUTY MARTEN.

5. INFORMAL NOTE.

Dear Miss Turkey:

Will you lay aside your work for a short time and dine with me Wednesday at 5 o'clock?

Sincerely yours,

MOLLY HARE.

6. FORMAL NOTE.

Miss Pet Pheasant requests the pleasure of Miss Hare's company on Tuesday evening, May thirtieth, from four to seven o'clock.

13 Forest Edge Street.

7. NOTE OF ACCEPTANCE.

Miss Molly Hare is pleased to accept Miss Pet

Pheasant's kind invitation for Wednesday evening, May thirtieth.

Beaver Creek, May twenty-fifth.

8. INVITATION.

Miss Brownie Mink
at home

Thursday evening, June first
from six to eight o'clock

14 Water Front

9. NOTE OF REGRET.

Miss Molly Hare regrets that a previous engagement prevents her from accepting Miss Brownie Mink's kind invitation for Thursday evening, June first.

Beaver Creek, May twenty-fifth.

"This has been a very pleasant task, I assure you," said Tiny, when his work was done. "I have learned how to write a business letter, which is an important thing to know. I never before had heard of money orders and drafts. You know we do not have those things, nor money, nor stores, at Squirreltown."

"Only a few of the more intelligent animals know anything about business," replied Miss Hare. "I know of only two large department stores and three banks in Animal Kingdom. I have heard

that the ancient human beings used shells for money; but, finally, they established the use of coins, because they were valued by all classes of people. If the hunters would not molest us, Animal Kingdom would imitate the human race and become very much enlightened. Some day I hope you may visit the department store of Sheep, Goat & Co., and see for yourself how animals are advancing in knowledge. I understand that this great store employs almost a dozen clerks."

"I have also learned how to write an invitation and notes of regret and acceptance. They seem to be very simple in their construction," said Tiny, placing the quill in a shell filled with sand.

"No self-respecting animal should neglect his correspondence, no matter how busy he may be," said Miss Hare. "As a rule, one who hates to write letters is one who cannot write them well. It is necessary that one should write social and business letters, and learn how to make them clear and forceful. Now you may rest. I thank you for your services, Tiny."

The red squirrel, with a polite bow, returned to his room, much pleased because he had pleased some one else.



CHAPTER XXI.

Tiny's last ramble through the copse near Beaver Creek was one that he never forgot. He was beginning to realize how much more pleasing are the works of Nature when one really takes an interest in them. He had learned to study even the snail in his shell house and the Venus' fly-trap that catches insects.

"Aren't the skies blue, and the trees and grasses green, and the music of the birds sweet, and the busy hum of the insects inspiring?" he asked himself again and again.

Once he stopped to admire the graceful foliage of the alder tree.

"That tree has some secrets hidden away that I mean to find out," said he, as he scurried up its smooth trunk. He gazed through the branches. At last he espied a nest. It was built of coarse sticks.

"What an odd place for a jay bird's home!" he exclaimed. "I never could understand why the jay does not build a comfortable nest like that of the robin. Perhaps he fears he might spoil his little ones by making them too comfortable."

Next he saw a queer object that held his attention for a long time. A caterpillar was hanging

from a leaf. Tiny thought that it was about to fall, but the little worm held fast with all its might. It was attaching a fine thread to the point of a leaf, but it worked harder than the man who fells a tree.

“Do not molest that caterpillar,” said a voice from a limb overhead.



“WHY DO YOU HANG BY YOUR TAIL?” TINY ASKED.

Tiny looked up and saw a peculiar animal with a long, pointed face and sharp teeth, hanging head downward from a limb overhead. With a startled cry, the squirrel hid in a thick branch.

“You need not fear me, for I do not eat squirrels,” said the odd creature. “I am looking for

birds. I should think you would be ashamed to attack a poor little caterpillar."

"Never in my life have I molested a caterpillar," declared Tiny. "I should think you would be ashamed to attack birds."

"Well, everything depends upon the point of view," replied the larger animal. "I am not responsible if my views do not agree with your own, for I see things upside down."

"Why do you hang by your tail?" asked Tiny. From his hiding place he peeped at the curious animal.

"Because I am an opossum, and I am wise enough to know that tails were made to hang by. I couldn't hang by my neck, could I?"

"I suppose not," replied Tiny, with a laugh. "Reynard, Snowball, and Rover have strong tails. I will tell them that they should cultivate the use of them, as the opossum does."

"I'll be glad to teach them how," said the opossum, not in the least offended at the squirrel's amusement. Tiny drew closer to get a better view of his new acquaintance. He could look into his eyes.

"Reynard, Snowball, or Rover is going with me to-morrow. I should like you to teach some of your amusing tricks to the one who comes."

The opossum laughed so hard that Tiny feared he would lose his hold and fall upon him.

"Neither Reynard, Rover, nor Snowball is likely to be benefited by anything that I may teach him,"

said the opossum, evidently much pleased by Tiny's suggestion. "Neither the birds nor the animals admire me."

"I do not dislike you," said Tiny, truthfully.

"I am not so dull as one might think. I can sit up and I can hang by my tail."

"I can sit up, but I cannot hang by my tail," said Tiny. "Some squirrels can fly, but I am sure I can beat any flying squirrel in a race. A red, a gray, and a black squirrel live close together at Squirrel-town. The mayor sends them with messages to other neighboring towns. They are as swift as lightning."

"Perhaps you wonder why I am looking so closely at that caterpillar," said the opossum, without stopping to argue concerning the fleetness of squirrels. "All morning long I have watched with anxious eyes."

"Perhaps you want to see what he is trying to do," suggested Tiny.

"The caterpillar does not interest me at all," said the opossum rather brusquely. "I am waiting for a bird to come along to catch the caterpillar. Before the bird catches the worm, I shall catch the bird—"

"And perhaps some hunter will catch you before you can catch the bird," interrupted Tiny.

"You are right," said the opossum. "Every animal always seems to be ready to catch another one. I like pretty birds as you like plump acorns. A yellow, brown, and blue bird is a very attractive

creature. An ugly sparrow is not half so pleasing to me as a golden oriole."

"I am sorry that you like to destroy birds," said Tiny, who had learned to love the little feathered songsters of the forest. "You are cowardly. You attack birds. They are smaller than you."

"I am cowardly but cautious," returned the opossum. "I should be foolish to try to capture an eagle. I have caught six little birds this morning. The first, second, and third birds were sparrows. The fourth, the fifth, and the sixth birds were robins."

"The poor things surely did not suffer long. Your mouth is so large and your teeth are so sharp," said the red squirrel.

"Where do you live?" inquired the opossum, still gazing at the caterpillar.

"I came from Beaver Creek," answered Tiny. "I am out to-day to study Nature."

"Then you needn't spend any more of your time here. There are other things to see," snapped the opossum. "Your incessant chatter is keeping the birds away."

"Where do you live?" asked Tiny, wishing to save as many birds as possible.

"Close by," replied the opossum indifferently. "I live in a dead tree."

"What has become of the caterpillar?"

"It is still working away. It is a remarkable toiler. Now it has succeeded in bending back the

point of the leaf and has fastened it down with bits of thread."

"It has curled the leaf until it looks like a little tube with a very round hole at each end," said Tiny, much interested.

"Caterpillars make houses of leaves," explained the opossum.

"How very odd!" exclaimed the squirrel.

"That depends upon the point of view," repeated the opossum. "Insects breathe through holes along their sides. You have lungs. Through these lungs you breathe. Both of these methods of breathing might seem very odd to the fish, who breathes through his gills."

"How can the caterpillar turn around in such a small house?" asked Tiny.

"It doesn't wish to turn around," said the opossum. "The caterpillar does not wiggle so much as the squirrel. It knows that big houses are seldom half as cozy as smaller ones. As soon as it gets settled down to housekeeping, it begins to eat its little green house."

"How funny!" chuckled Tiny.

"Before very long it eats itself out of house and home," said the opossum.

"What would you do if a hunter were to steal up and club you?" asked Tiny, more interested in the quadruped than in the worm.

"If a hunter should attack me, I would drop down and play that I was dead," was the answer.

"Once Snowball pretended to be asleep when

Billy Beaver called him," said Tiny. "Billy said that Snowball was 'playing 'possum.' Now I know what he meant."

"I suppose that the opossum is not the only animal that tries to deceive," said the opossum, with a yawn.

"I see that you are sleepy," said the squirrel. "I must go to my home. I wonder why animals are so impolite as to yawn when they are entertaining company."

"Perhaps it would be better for you to say goodby before your entertainers tire of you," retorted the opossum.

This advice was a golden gift to Tiny. He never forgot it. With a courteous farewell, he hastened down the trunk of the tree. When he reached the ground, he stopped a moment to gaze overhead. The opossum was asleep among the branches.

"He had better be sleeping than killing birds," said Tiny, gratefully. "I shall visit the opossum often and keep him out of mischief. This afternoon has been well spent. I have stood between the birds and their enemy."



CHAPTER XXII.

The last day of school rolled round. The pupils of the Beaver Creek School were in a state of pleasant excitement. They smoothed their feathers or brushed their fur until they were as sleek as could be. All the civilized animals for miles around were present. Mr. Owl, looking wiser and more serious than ever, was the first visitor to arrive. Miss Hare, with earrings hanging from her long ears and a wreath of white blossoms on her head, greeted him warmly. Soon after, Mother Goose, the most beloved fowl in Animal Kingdom, waddled into the main building in good time. Sammy Rabbit's relatives followed her, also Puss Snowball's mother and aunt.

Billy Beaver and his friends had erected a platform in the creek, and upon its smooth surface had built a green bower. The messenger pigeons had adorned this bower with beautiful flowers, and the pupils had filled in the rough places of the floor with pretty shells and pebbles.

On the shady bank across the way, the larger animals of the wood had gathered. Tiny could see them plainly as he sat in his room, brushing out his long tail. There were Mr. Goat, of the great department store, and his daughter, Miss Nannie;

the Otter family in their best garments; Miss Mink, a close friend of Miss Hare; several from the Badger family; and, in the background, as modest as could be, Mr. Opossum, Jolly Gopher, and the Ferret brothers.

While awaiting the signal of Billy Beaver, Tiny was visited by Shifty Woodchuck, who carried a soiled composition.

“Won’t you please help me?” whined Shifty, as he thrust the composition between Tiny’s forepaws.



“WON’T YOU PLEASE HELP ME?” WHINED SHIFTY.

“You know I was to graduate with your class, but Miss Hare will not let me.”

“Pupils that fail should not blame their teachers. It is entirely your own fault,” said Tiny, looking over the careless manuscript.

“I wish I hadn’t slept so much last winter,” continued Shifty, ruefully. “However, I believe that if Miss Hare will let me read my composition, I will get the prize. Miss Hare says I cannot read it properly, because it is carelessly written. Please tell me what is the matter with it. To me it looks

very well. I have spent nearly an hour in writing it."

"If you ever intend to write a good composition, you will have to work longer than an hour," said Tiny. "You will have to read things that will help you, and you must exercise great care. Moreover, you must not postpone your work until the last minute."

Tiny, with great difficulty, read Shifty's composition, which was as follows:

one saturday Afternoon in may

"the first may Holiday was beautiful! the sun shined bright. birds twittered and sung sweetly the flowers were in bloom. nature was happy. warm weather had came. mister beaver and me went for a stroll. how our hearts thrilled with Joy? We stopped by the Creek. us animals like the water

the clear sparkling waves passed by us. hark sweet music comes from the brook and the forest they cried.

come into the woods mister beaver i said, are you afraid of the tall trees.

i will set here says he. a Beaver don't wander into the Thicket, he prefers the Creek. daisys and violets may be pretty but spatter-docks is prettier, you can go if you wish, and I will stay here.

i replied that Woodchucks squirrels rabbits and many other animals preferred the wild flowers. i

ran to the bushes. o how cool they seemed. they were green and fragrant with blossoms, the leaves of the trees were bigger than their's but they wasn't more beautiful. i wandered for a hour through the woods. i seen a birds' nest and many interesting things, a active guinea hen was hiding among the Ferns with her brood

a few deers were laying behind a pile of brush, they run when i approached. i could heer wild geeses' cries. every animal of the forest were moving about. in each glade was a hundred live creatures. i went back to the brook, mister beaver was waiting for me.

“did you have a pleasant time he asked lazily?”

the forest is grand i cried joyously. the animals of the forest are rejoicing while you are setting by this brook with a long face.

“What is wrong with it?” inquired Shifty, when the red squirrel had finished reading. “I am sure that it is as well written as the others, for I am a good speller and have learned not to use bad grammar.”

“Everything is wrong with it,” said Tiny, frankly, although he was too polite to make fun of Shifty's ignorance.

At that moment Billy Beaver began thumping with his long tail.

“Read it over very carefully many times, and perhaps you may be able to find your mistakes,” said Tiny, as he hastened out into the sunlit air.

From the top of the bower over the platform a chorus of goldfinches, swallows, robins, and wrens began singing "Hail to Spring." At the same time Miss Hare, followed by the graduating class, came out of the schoolroom, and, with great dignity, made her way to the platform. Miss Hare seated herself upon a mossy cushion, while the graduating class sat near her, forming a semi-circle. The graduates were Susie Goose, Sammy Rabbit, Winkie Weasel, Puss Snowball, Rover Canine, Reynard Redfox, and Tiny Redsquirrel.

At the close of the song, which was followed by loud cries of applause, Mr. Owl, who sat upon a branch in front of the platform, said that the class would proceed to deliver their compositions. He added that a prize would be given to the one who had the best theme, and that Miss Hare, Mother Goose, and he would be judges.



SAMMY RABBIT WAS
THE FIRST OF
THE CLASS TO
SPEAK.

When this announcement was made, Mother Goose rose from her comfortable seat by the side of the Misses Pea Fowl and Guinea, and flew to a seat beside Mr. Owl. The audience cheered again more loudly than before.

Sammy Rabbit was the first of the class to speak. Leaping to the front of the platform, he faced his audience, and, with a profound bow, read as follows:

SOME QUEER CREATURES I HAVE SEEN.

One day our teacher sent us out to study Nature. She said that we should observe the simplest things, for often they were the most instructive.

My friend, Puss Snowball, went with me. Both of us were anxious to improve our time. We animals are fast friends.

Three merry little ferrets darted across our pathway. We followed them, but finally gave up the chase. Snowball's fur was filled with briars and thistles; I was covered with mud, and had to bathe in the brook. How we laughed! At last we decided that we would study the smallest and simplest things, as our teacher had told us to do.

We found some earthworms in the soft loam. These little creatures burrow into the soil when the first frost comes. They spend the winter deep in the ground, where the cold cannot reach them. They do not mind if it blows and snows.

We saw a katydid. He was of a pale green color. His gauzy wings had little covers that looked like drums. He rubbed the drums briskly, and the music that he made was very cheerful. Did you ever hear the katydid's shrilling? The katydid, however, is very small.

We saw two interesting spiders in the brook. Spiders have eight legs, while true insects have only six. One of these little creatures had made a silken diving-bell that resembled a tiny silver globe. The other had made a raft of weeds, fastened to-

gether with silken threads. Then they went slowly downstream to catch insects that might fall into the water. Spiders, although quite tiny, are very clever. When spiders sleep, they sleep soundly; when they work, they work industriously; when they fight, they fight fiercely.

Ants, bees, and wasps are interesting. The fly, too, is worthy of study. It has four thousand small eyes. Observe it carefully.

Nature is full of wonderful, beautiful things—but I shall not have time to tell any more about the queer creatures I have seen.

Sammy's composition was much appreciated. He had chosen a simple, familiar subject and kept it plainly in mind.

Winkie Weasel met with less favor, for he had undertaken to write about something that was beyond his understanding. One can imagine how much a little weasel would know about "The Growth of Intellectual Perspicuity." He stumbled over the long words in a way that made all the little prairie dogs in the front row titter in a very impolite manner. Weenie Mouse became so much frightened that he scampered away, long before it was time for him to recite, and caused quite a panic amongst the members of the Hen family.

The other compositions were well written, although Puss Snowball's was spoiled by a singsong delivery.

Occasionally, the frog orchestra, from their

green lily pads close by, would play a spirited air; and Jenny Wren, a nervous little body, who twitched every time she reached a high note, sang "Happy Woodlands."

Tiny Redsquirrel was the last of his class to appear before the audience. With becoming modesty, he rose, saluted the judges and his hearers, and recited in a loud, clear voice:

HAPPINESS EVERYWHERE.

There is a spell in every flower,
A sweetness in each spray;
And every single bird has power
To please us with its lay.

And there is music on the breeze
That sports along the glade;
The crystal dewdrops on the trees
Are gems by fancy made.

Oh, there is joy and happiness
In everything we see!
But greatest joys we shall possess
Through truth and purity.

When he had finished, all the animals near and far gave vent to tremendous applause, for animal audiences are not so hard to please as those composed of human beings. Mr. Opossum became so enthusiastic that he shouted at the top of his voice: "Hurrah for Mr. Redsquirrel! One cannot



TINY REDSQUIRREL WAS THE LAST OF HIS
CLASS TO APPEAR BEFORE THE AUDIENCE.



judge by the size of a creature how much he can say."

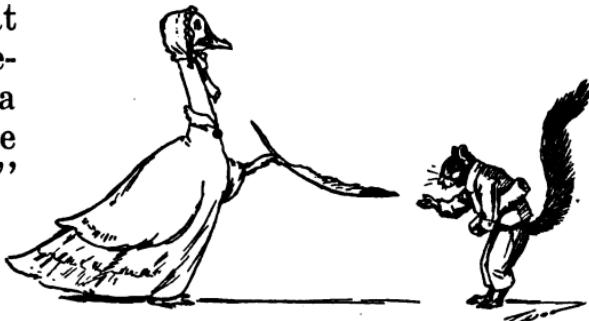
Miss Hare joined the other two judges, and for a few moments they held an earnest conversation among themselves, while the audience sat in breathless expectation.

Finally, Mother Goose descended from her perch and waddled to the front of the platform, where she faced the eager listeners and said in a shrill, but kindly voice:

"Animals of the forest, the judges have decided that the prize should go to Mr. Tiny Redsquirrel of Squirreltown!"

Turning to the embarrassed but happy little squirrel, she pulled from her wing a quill, which she gave him with a low bow, saying:

"This quill was taken from my wing. No creature is more respected by the human race and all other animals than I am. Anyone who receives a quill pen made from one of my feathers will be famous ever after. Accept this reward for your excellent poem and your good scholarship; but bear in mind that every achievement is but a camping place for the night."



CHAPTER XXIII.

Tiny never forgot the pleasant half hour that followed his graduation. Although he felt happy, he was sorry to leave dear old Beaver Creek with its many delightful associations. After waving a friendly farewell to Mr. Opossum, Jolly Gopher, and his other chance acquaintances, he turned to bid his classmates goodby. The bird choir was still singing its sweetest airs.

"Your poem was very good for a beginner," said Miss Hare, with a smile. "I suspect that you spent much time in its preparation."

"I expect to write a better one in a year from now," replied Tiny.

"You did not get frightened at all," said timid Katie Goose, who had been unable to read her composition loud enough for her audience to hear.

"One is never afraid of an audience unless he is afraid of himself," said Tiny. "I hope your future life will be happy, Katie."

"Thank you," replied Katie. "I want to be a lovely character like my aunt, dear old Mother Goose."

"I want to thank you for your kindness to me, Mr. Owl," continued the squirrel, running to where the wise trustee of the school sat listening to the

merry chorus of voices. "I have done nothing to pay for my board and tuition. In fact, I never knew there was such a thing as money, and that animals should pay for what they get from others, instead of trying to steal it."

"Do not worry about that," said the owl, kindly. "Miss Hare's school is free to pupils that cannot pay. It is kept up by taxes paid by the good citizens of Joy County. In this day of free schools, it is a terrible crime for animals to neglect their education."

"I shall organize a school in Squirreltown as soon as I return," said Tiny. "The little ones would be more benefitted if they would exercise their brains as well as their legs."

"I wish you success," said the owl prophet, kindly. "Your education has just begun. Even if you should live as many years as a turtle does, you would never learn all there is to know. Most squirrels observe closely, but almost every squirrel does not think as much as he should."

"I am going now," said Tiny. "Please also accept my thanks for your kindness to my mother during my absence from home. I hope you will come to Squirreltown and give me a chance to entertain you."

"Thank you," replied the owl. "I should be glad to carry you home, but I believe you are old enough to find your own way. There are many other lessons for you to learn, and there are other dreadful battles that you must fight alone. Always

be brave and hopeful, no matter what befalls you."

Tiny bade Miss Hare goodby, and she wished him success. He tried to find Billy Beaver, but the good janitor had already started up creek to his work. One by one the graduates left the school for their various homes, and, when Tiny started forth on his journey, Beaver Creek was quiet and deserted. With a sigh of regret he gazed back at the domes of the buildings, and in his heart wished that he might return.

As he turned into the narrow path that led to the north, he heard the noise of pattering feet. In a few moments Winkie Weasel was beside him, panting heavily.

"I am going with you as far as Deertown," said he. "What a pleasant visit we shall have on the way! You were always kind to help me with my lessons, and I thank you."

"I suppose you are anxious to get back home," said Tiny, as they hurried along.

"Not very," replied Winkie, seriously. "My home is not pleasant. However, I am going to try to exert a good influence over those with whom I live. Weasels fight most of the time, you know. I shall try to teach them that vegetables are as wholesome as meat, and that weasels would be just as healthy if they did not eat every little animal that crossed their path."

For a long time they chatted concerning their classmates and the graduating exercises. They praised their teacher's elegant manners, Mrs.

Goose's excellent morals and grand air, the pretty faces of the Otter sisters, the beautiful bower that Billy Beaver and his friends had made, and the neat schoolroom. Winkie congratulated Tiny again and again upon his splendid victory.

When it grew dark, they stopped to rest. Tiny, with the quill Mother Goose had given him securely tied to his body, carefully climbed a tree. He found a cozy spot sheltered by broad leaves. In the meantime, Winkie found comfortable quarters in a hollow log. Soon they fell asleep.

In the middle of the night an awful storm arose. The lightning flashed and the thunder roared. The trees bent and swayed in the angry winds. It seemed to Tiny that the world was coming to an end; but he was brave and hopeful, for he knew that the sunshine would be bright on the morrow.

When the storm had abated somewhat, he fell asleep again. However, he slept badly. He thought some cruel animal was about to spring upon him and swallow him in one gulp. He was a really brave little creature, but such dreams are prone to disturb even the boldest animal.

He shuddered and opened his eyes with a start. Not six feet away two terrible eyes of fire were fixed upon him. He then knew that his dream was real. In the flash of lightning that followed, he could see a large animal about to spring at him. Its legs were powerful, its feet were heavy, and its claws glistened. Another flash of lightning revealed the pointed ears of the terrible beast.

Tiny tried to escape, but the branch of the tree was slippery with rain. In a twinkling he received a terrific blow from an enormous paw. Then followed a crash of thunder, an angry roar, and the frightened shriek of a poor helpless squirrel.

“Oh, save me from the lynx—the lynx!” he cried.



WHEN THE LIGHTNING FLASHED AGAIN HE DASHED FORWARD AND THRUST THE PEN INTO THE DELICATE NOSTRILS OF THE LYNX.

Both he and the bloodthirsty creature had fallen to the ground. Tiny knew that in another moment he might meet with a tragic fate. Another flash of lightning showed the lynx, with his fur standing straight and his back curled, ready to pounce upon him.

Darkness came again. Tiny was so badly stunned for a while that he could hardly move. He stood dumbly awaiting the final blow. Then a loud roar

of pain resounded through the forest. It was evident to Tiny that some creature was attacking the lynx. The little squirrel unloosened the pen that had been given him. When the lightning flashed again, he dashed forward and thrust it into the delicate nostril of the lynx. There was another cry, more of surprise than of pain, and the ferocious animal disappeared in the blackness of night.

“We are safe now,” said Winkie Weasel’s welcome voice. “It is fortunate that I came with you. Just as the lynx was about to destroy you, I rushed out of the stump and gave his tail a bite that he will not soon forget. I think, judging by the way he yelled, he must have thought he was struck by lightning.”

Tiny was too weak to reply. He stood shivering in the rain, yet he was grateful that he had learned the value of friendship. Winkie, who enjoyed dreadful encounters, pushed him back into the stump that he might protect him through the night. There they remained until daybreak.

“Now, forget about the lynx and don’t be so cast down,” were the first words that Winkie said on the following morning. “Don’t hold any ill-will towards him. He was only thinking what a fine meal you would make. All animals are looking out for themselves.”

A turn in the long path brought them into Deer-town. A number of red deer were lying together upon the grassy turf. They had slept well, for the branches of the trees had formed a thick canopy

over their heads. A stag with a reddish-brown coat and big branching antlers was guarding them. Several pretty fawns with brown eyes and white coats were playing hide-and-seek in the bushes. Although deer are quick to hear the footsteps of larger animals, they paid no heed to the little newcomers.



"ISN'T THE STAG A NOBLE-LOOKING CREATURE?"

"Isn't the stag noble-looking!" cried Tiny.
"What a big creature he is!"

"He is very proud," said Winkie, less admiringly. "He is also selfish, for he becomes angry if any other stag comes inside his family circle."

"Isn't it fortunate that we don't have to wear antlers?" laughed Tiny. "How funny you would look, Winkie, with horns or antlers!"

"It is said that one can tell the age of a stag by

looking at his antlers," replied Winkie, with the sprightliness that Tiny enjoyed. "Perhaps Mother Goose is thankful, too, that she doesn't have them."

Not far beyond Deertown, the two associates separated. Tiny was to go directly north, while Winkie was to pass through several winding paths to Weasel Bog.

"Goodby, Tiny. Carry your prize safely home, and tell your mother that you well deserved it," said Winkie. "Some day I will bring my family to see you."

"I am afraid you wouldn't be very welcome in Squirreltown," said Tiny. "However, I will meet you alone at any time you suggest. I will fetch you something good to eat."

"Squirrels are all right in their bad opinions of weasels," said Winkie, regretfully. "I never thought how scandalous my family would act, if I took them to Squirreltown. I do not wish to visit your village, but I will meet you at any place you may suggest. I want to see you only. Let me hear from you often."

"All right," replied Tiny, cheerily.

With another farewell he turned north and ran as fast as he could. Two or three times he stopped to eat some delicious acorns and other food he found by the wayside, for Nature has bountifully provided for the squirrel race.

He might have reached home without any more dreadful encounters, had it not been for his curiosity. While resting on the lower branch of a

beech tree, he saw an animal with soft, silky fur, fast asleep on the bough above his head. He did not know that the pretty, innocent-looking creature was a wild cat, one of the most terrible beasts of the wood. The thoughtless squirrel stole noiselessly to the side of the sleeping animal and made a shrill, screeching noise.



HE RAN WITH ALL HIS MIGHT ALONG THE PATH.

The wild cat awoke. Instantly it changed to a ferocious monster, with ruffled fur and eyes that seemed to shoot forth flames. With a snarl of rage, it dashed at its disturber. Tiny, whose heart beat wildly, dashed down the tree. Instead of seeking refuge in some knothole, he ran with all his might along the path. He expected to be killed at any moment. Horror made him run all the faster, for he knew that the wild cat was the most dreadful animal he could possibly arouse.

Over fallen twigs and branches the frightened

squirrel leapt, little thinking of other dangers that might befall him. At last his strength began to fail. He knew that he could hold out but a few minutes longer. Torn by brush and briars, he ascended an oak tree. A little door stood ajar. He rushed through the tiny opening and fell prostrate.

When he regained his senses, a little gray animal with liquid dark eyes was bending over him.

“Bushy Graysquirrel!” he cried in delight.

“I am very glad to receive you in my new home,” was Bushy’s welcome greeting.

CHAPTER XXIV.

“I am so glad to see you!” exclaimed Tiny. “I was running away from a wild cat, and met you by accident.”

“I saw you running,” answered Bushy. “However, I did not see a wild cat. Squirrels run faster than wild cats, so I suppose he gave up the chase.”

“I am not a coward,” declared the red squirrel, somewhat embarrassed, “but I think it is best to run when a wild cat comes into one’s life.”

“In this forest are few wild cats,” asserted Bushy. “They seldom disturb us, unless they are provoked.”

“What are you doing here?” asked Tiny, when he had fully recovered from his shock.

“I live here in the country now,” was the reply. “Perhaps you do not know that I have a mate. He is out getting acorns for our luncheon. Of acorns there is a great plenty in this part of the woods. They cover the ground.”

“Has Squirreltown changed much?” he inquired.

“You would hardly know the place,” answered the gray squirrel. “All our playmates have grown up. Peggy and her mate live in the city, and Polly Blacksquirrel and her mate own the big beech by

the brook. Dr. Flyingsquirrel has retired from business on account of his great age. He must be nearly five years old. Your mother, however, is well and happy. Many citizens has Squirreltown. Not one in a hundred leaves it for the country. I—”

“Do you ever visit there?” interrupted Tiny.

“Neither of us has been back for some time,” said Bushy. “We will go over to-night to attend the celebration.”

“What celebration?”

“One which is to be given upon your return home,” laughed Bushy.

Tiny then remembered that Mr. Owl had promised the winner of the prize a still greater reward. He felt very grateful and happy, but did not think it polite to question Bushy any further.

After a short visit with his old friend, Tiny bade her goodby, and resumed his journey. He hurried along almost as fast as he did when he thought the wild cat was after him, for he was anxious to see his dear old home once more, and to receive his mother’s welcome greeting.

While he was drinking at a small stream, he heard a shrill cry. Before he could turn round, he was pushed off his feet. Over and over he rolled, until he almost fell into the water.

“Tiny, Tiny, I am so glad to see you!” cried a well known voice.

“Chatty Chipmunk!” exclaimed Tiny, equally delighted; for there was his earliest playmate dan-

cing about like a wild creature. "Never before have I received such an unexpected greeting."

"I learned that you would be home to-day, and have come to meet you," continued Chatty. "Near the city wait a number of your old friends. I couldn't stand still, so here I am."

"Are you still fond of playing?" asked Tiny, somewhat amused at his gay friend.

"Yes. I don't suppose that I ever shall take life seriously," was the laughing reply. "Nature never intended that I should work or study. However, I have a thrifty mate, and she makes a very comfortable living for me. Every one of those animals at Squirreltown avoids me, but I do not care."

"If I were mayor of Squirreltown, I would make you work or let you starve," said Tiny, severely.

"Your education has not improved your appearance," said Chatty, quickly changing the subject. "You look old and all mussed up."

"Animals who spend all their time in study are apt to become careless of their personal appearance," explained Tiny. "You forget, however, that I have had a long journey, and that animals of good taste do not try to look too sleek when they travel. They do not wish to attract attention."

"Of what use are books and study?" inquired Chatty.

"They are of no use to such as you," replied the squirrel impatiently.

"And what are you doing with that old goose quill strapped to your back?"

"That is the prize I won for good scholarship," said Tiny, rather disdainfully.

"How funny!" cried the chipmunk, laughing until his sides ached. "How could an animal spend so much time studying, just to win a goose quill?"

"You and I do not see things alike, Chatty," said Tiny, with an air of superiority. "It is not possible for an uneducated animal like you to feel the noble sentiment that makes this goose quill dear to me."

"You are as queer as some human beings," declared Chatty. "I have heard of a silly man that studied for many years to win an old piece of sheepskin."

Tiny wisely forbore further argument. After a few minutes' rest was taken, he arose, and together they hastened to Squirreltown.

When the grand old trees of the city appeared to view, Tiny shouted for joy. There is nothing in life so dear as home and its associations, and the country in which one lives, and the individuals with whom one associates.

Although sentinels had been stationed at the entrances of the highways to meet Tiny, he stole up a back street; for he wished to see his mother first of all.

Mrs. Redsquirrel was preparing the last meal of the day. Although somewhat older in appearance than when he left her, she seemed as beautiful as ever to Tiny.

"Mother!" he cried, as he rushed into the house.

With shrieks of joy, the good creature bounded over the table and to and fro until she was exhausted.



WHAT WAS TINY'S SURPRISE TO FIND ALL THE CITIZENS OF SQUIRREL-TOWN GATHERED THERE TO MEET HIM!

“Welcome! welcome home!” she cried, her little heart fairly bursting with motherly love and joy. They chatted until dusk began to steal over

Squirreltown. At last they were interrupted by Chatty Chipmunk.

"You are under arrest, Tiny," he said, gravely. "I am bidden by the mayor to take you to the park which faces the city hall."

Tiny and his mother good-naturedly followed Chatty, thinking that perhaps he was, as of old, playing some joke upon them.

"Be merciful to me, Tiny," pleaded Chatty, on their way to the park. "Remember that I am your oldest friend. I promise you that I will lead a useful life in the future. My greatest regret now is that I trifled all my time away when I was young."

Tiny did not reply. They had entered the green park, facing which was a decayed log with many doors and windows. It was used as a city hall.

What was Tiny's surprise to find all the citizens of Squirreltown gathered there to meet him. There were the aged mayor at the door of the city hall, the militia, the policemen, and all the aldermen and other dignitaries of the city. Every one was dignified and silent. Tiny and his mother were led by two policemen to the little balcony over the entrance to the building. They were unable to speak, from surprise and wonderment.

"Hoot! hoot! hoot!" rang out from a bough over their heads. This cry was evidently another signal to enforce perfect order. Tiny gazed up timidly, and saw the yellow eyes of the owl prophet staring down upon him.

“Citizens of Squirreltown,” cried Mr. Owl, “I, the wisest of all living creatures, take pleasure in presenting to you, Mr. Tiny Redsquirrel, the new mayor of Squirreltown!”

Flapping his wings in approbation, he flew away, never to return again.

Then wild cheers rent the air. Never since that time has Squirreltown been so riotous. Before Tiny could realize his exalted position, he was surrounded by his old friends. There were Dr. Flyingsquirrel and his family, Chatty Chipmunk and his mate, Peggy and Bushy Graysquirrel, Polly Blacksquirrel, and many others, cheering and wishing him success and happiness.

Hundreds of lightning bugs circled above their heads, throwing out green and orange-colored rays. Billy Foxsquirrel and his band whistled gay airs; a frog orchestra close by joined them; and a chorus of friendly mosquitoes, and other insects, completed the grand refrain. Until far into the night, laughter and rejoicing reigned triumphant. What Tiny did for Squirreltown in after years is more than any boy or girl could imagine.

TO THE TEACHER

This book should be read several times in class until every pupil has had the joy of imagining life in the woods with Tiny Redsquirrel. The reading of the chapters in dialogue, as a play, gives opportunity for great variety of expression and interpretation, while at the same time the knowledge of plant and animal life, so evident in this charming story, becomes part of the pupil's mental acquisition.

After a second or third reading, just for the pleasure of reading, the language series may well be begun. Classes differ and teachers differ and the work given in the following exercises may be varied, but details and methods will be wrought out by the teacher according to class room needs.

When the pupil has a clear perception of the story which repeated reading will give him, the exercises will be a pleasure and the power to use the grammatical forms and distinctions, which it is desirable he should acquire, will be happily attained. He will learn through the outlined oral and written work, that the sentence is an expression of a thought; that capitalization and punctuation are guides and aids to intelligent reading and understanding; that correct forms and expressions are matters of the attentive eye and ear and of patient and careful repetition.

The other lessons of the book, which are given in a manner so appealing to the thoughtful mind—care, neatness, courtesy, modesty and friendship, are of no less value.

The book is based upon the belief that a complete story, one general thought continued throughout the year's work, is much to be preferred to the ordinary patchwork of so called language books. The pupil's interest is aroused in the first lesson and increases with the narration. Interest is the largest factor in successful effort and it will lead the pupil along the path, varied and continuous, to the desired goal—clear thinking and clear expression.

TO THE PUPIL

CHAPTER I.

Lesson 1. What does Chapter I. describe? What would be a good title for this Chapter?

How many characters appear in this Chapter? Choose girls and boys for these characters and read what they say. This makes a little conversation or play.

Lesson 2. Read first paragraph. This is a description of Squirreltown. Would you like to live there? What words make the last sentence beautiful? Can you see the picture the writer describes? Can you make a picture of Tiny's home? Is it easier for you to make a picture with words or with paints?

Make a list of the words new to you. What does each mean? Are these names (nouns); as, *feather, ripple, chagrin, breath, pride, swiftness*? Or are they words that describe nouns; as, *pale, warm, silken, jaunty, mischievous*? Words that describe nouns are called *adjectives*.

CHAPTER II.

Lesson 1. Can you divide the Chapter into dialogue and description? Select two boys to take the parts of Chatty and Tiny.

Lesson 2. Read p. 14 carefully. Isn't it a beautiful description of the butterfly? Have you ever watched one fly from flower to flower? Tell what you know about butterflies. Can you make a picture of a butterfly?

Lesson 3. What would be a good name for this chapter? What have you learned about the Chipmunk? Write a list of color words (adjectives), p. 14. Doesn't the Chipmunk act like a naughty boy?

CHAPTER III.

Lesson 1. What title shall we give Chapter III.?

Describe Chatty, Tiny, and Sambo.

Read what they say in character, making a little play.

Lesson 2. There are many names of people in this Chapter; as, *Tiny*. Write a list of them.

Write a list of places mentioned; as, *London*.

Names of people and cities begin with capital letters.

Lesson 3. How is the first word of a sentence begun?

There are seven sentences in the first paragraph, p. 17.

How is the first letter of each sentence printed?

Make a list of words ending in *ly* in this paragraph. They tell *how* an action is done. These words are called *adverbs*. Add to the list other words ending in *ly*.

CHAPTER IV.

Lesson 1. Give a title to this chapter.

Imagine yourself to be *Tiny* and tell the story of the chapter.

Lesson 2. Imagine yourself the owl and tell the story of the chapter.

What does the owl think of the donkey, the lion, and the Red squirrel?

How does he show his own ignorance?

Do you understand the wise owl's jokes, pp. 27 and 28?

CHAPTER V.

Lesson 1. This chapter might be called a "Lesson in Patience." It is a description of the industry of ants. Read this story carefully until you can tell it clearly and well.

Lesson 2. Here is a list of nouns. Tell what action word (verb) is used with each.

winds
birds
brook
watchman
sunbeams

animals
architects
dewdrops
flowers
soldiers

Lesson 3. Write sentences of your own, using these nouns and verbs and adding adjectives, as "*The golden sunbeams shine.*"

Add adverbs; as, "*The golden sunbeams shine brightly.*"

CHAPTER VI.

Lesson 1. We may call chapter VI., "Nature's School," for Tiny is learning lessons that are very valuable. What are these lessons? Who are the teachers? Do you know the story of Bruce and the Spider? Find the story. Have you ever thought you could learn from animals? What lesson does a dog teach?

We have a little poem in this chapter which gives a lesson in capitals. We have learned that names of people and places (proper nouns) begin with capital letters. We have also seen that the first words of sentences begin with capitals, and now we see that each line of poetry begins with a capital letter.

Lesson 2. Let us review the six chapters and make a list of all the animals mentioned. Make a list of all the plants and trees mentioned.

CHAPTER VII. THE BEES.

Lesson 1. There is no story more fascinating than the life of the bee. Nature lovers have spent years in this study and some wonderful books have been written about bees, ants, and butterflies which you will read when older.

Let us review the stories of the butterfly and the ant. Find out all you can about them and make your description interesting to your listeners.

Lesson 2. Describe the different kinds of bees mentioned. Describe the life in a hive of bees.

Lesson 3. Read p. 41: "Tiny asked"—etc. Select the most beautiful sentence.

Make a list of ten adjectives that please you.

Which words appeal to the sense of smell? of sight? of taste?

CHAPTER VIII. THE OGRE.

Lesson 1. Surely the porcupine is not a cheerful animal to meet. It is no wonder Tiny was frightened. What lesson did he learn?

Here we have another rhyme. Try to tell in rhyme about the windfall of acorns. Here are some words that may help you:

ground
round

sound
found

Or write about Tiny's starting home:

day
gay

play
stray

What are the rules for capitals?

Lesson 2. Notice how all the talking (the words of the characters) is enclosed with quotation marks (""). All marks of punctuation are used to make the meaning clear. A period or question mark at the end of sentences shows us quickly when the thought is complete. Commas and semicolons show that the thought is not complete, and they separate the parts of a sentence for easy reading.

Quotation marks show that some one says the words inclosed. They divide the descriptive words from the words of the speaker, as (p. 45), "*Hist!*"—Notice how the words which the ogre speaks are separated by quotation marks from what he is described as doing. The mark after "*Hist!*", the exclamation, is used to express emotion. Study this page carefully. Here you may learn the use of *period, exclamation, interrogation, comma*, and *quotation marks*.

CHAPTER IX. THE BEAR AND THE BEES.

Lesson 1. In this book animals are made to talk like people. Have animals a language? Can you describe each of the different birds, insects, and animals mentioned in this book; as, *busy* bees, *dainty* butterflies, etc.? Write this list of nouns and use with each word an adjective that describes the object.

Lesson 2. There are two scenes in this chapter that you could

act: (first), Tiny and the Bear; (second), Tiny and the Queen Bee. Read these scenes in character.

Lesson 3. Read the third paragraph, p. 53, carefully.

With your crayons draw the scene described.

Lesson 4. Try to describe the sunset tonight for tomorrow's lesson. Read the papers you have written about the sunset.

What color words have you used to make your description beautiful?

CHAPTER X. TINY COMES HOME.

Lesson 1. How long had Tiny been away from home?

Why did he leave home? In what direction had he been traveling? Notice how this chapter is connected with previous chapters, by mentioning the Chipmunk, the Owl, the lights above the tall tree, and the help of the Fairy Queen Bee.

How has Tiny helped himself in his journey? Can you prove that his kindness and obedience saved him from danger? What lesson may we learn from Tiny?

Lesson 2. Imagine yourself the Queen Bee and relate the story of her rescue and how she proved her gratitude.

CHAPTER XI.

Lesson 1. This chapter is a play in itself. Choose children to represent all the characters. Take *the Chipmunk's story* first.

Lesson 2. Study the plural number of words and the possessive forms as shown in the story. Make lists.

1. <i>Singular number</i>	child	fox	man
2. <i>Plural number</i>	children	foxes	men
3. <i>Sing. possessive</i>	child's	fox's	man's
4. <i>Plural possessive</i>	children's	foxes'	men's

Lesson 3. Choose children to be Dr. Flying-squirrel, Tiny's mother, Tiny, the Mayor, Bushy Greysquirrel. Imagine what each one would say and make a play.

Lesson 4. From these nouns make lists like the list in Lesson 2.

party	country	doctor	skin
edict	noise	city	friend
fable	writer	day	tooth

Lesson 5. What does singular mean?
What does plural mean?
What does possessive mean?

CHAPTER XII. TINY'S SPEECH.

Lesson 1. Give the chapter as a play. This exercise gives clearer understanding of the story.

Lesson 2. Notice the exclamations.

Remember that the exclamation denotes excitement. Write some exclamations you often hear, as "Hark!" How do you punctuate exclamatory words and sentences?

Lesson 3. Imagine your friends give you a surprise party; make a speech thanking them.

Lesson 4. How many times is *I* used in Tiny's speech? Is it well to use "I" so often? How is this letter written when meaning a person?

Do you understand the Owl's jokes?

Have you ever made the mistake Tiny made when he said, "the Mayor looks like I do"? What should he have said?

CHAPTER XIII. TINY GOES TO SCHOOL.

Lesson 1. What new names of animals does the Owl mention? Find out all you can about the Beavers and write a paper about them.

Lesson 2. In this chapter we find the mark ' used for the omission of a letter or letters in a word; as, *can't* for *cannot*, *ma'am* for *madam*, *doesn't* for *does not*, *don't* for *do not*. In what other way is this mark used? (Owl's—Goose's—Miss Hare's—what does it mean?) Find other words where

the mark of omission ' is used and tell what letter is omitted in each.

Lesson 3. Sometimes two words are made into one ; as sometimes ; into ; forepaws ; waterfall.

Make a list of some of these words. Notice the hyphen (-) in dome-shaped, good-night. In many compound words, the hyphen is not used.

What lesson had Redfox learned at school ?

CHAPTER XIV.

Lesson 1. When mother calls in the morning she says "Come to your breakfast, children!" Why does Redfox say, "We have just an hour to eat our *breakfasts*"?

Describe Tiny's schoolroom. Compare it with your school. How many pupils had Miss Hare? Would you like to learn your lessons in rhyme? Rhyme is the repetition of the *same* sound, in words ending lines of poetry ; as, *slim*, *trim*, *grim*.

Lesson 2. Can you make a rhyme of the alphabet ; as,

A is an apple that grows on a tree.
B is a beaver, you don't often see.
C is—etc.!

Lesson 3. *A* is changed to *an* before a vowel. The vowels are *a e i o u*. Sometimes *w* and *y* are vowels. All other letters are consonants.

Find *a* and *an* in the Alphabet and notice the letters following them.

Write the poem of the Alphabet in your note book and find pictures of the animals mentioned.

CHAPTER XV.

Lesson 1. We have seen a hyphen used in some words that are made of two words. In this chapter we find it at the end of lines when a word must be divided ; as *lan-guage*, *build-ing*,

some-times, etc. When you cannot write the entire word in one line it must be divided at the end of a syllable and the hyphen must be used.

Lesson 2. Read this chapter in character.

Tiny
Reynard

Snowball
Billy Beaver

Lesson 3. Imagine you are Snowball and tell your story.

What lesson did Miss Hare teach her pupils?

What is a rhyme? What lines rhyme in the poem in this chapter?

CHAPTER XVI. MR. OWL'S VISIT.

Lesson 1. Have you learned some lessons out of doors?

Must all lessons be learned from books? What did Tiny learn from the ants, the bees, the owl?

What lesson did he learn from his schoolmates?

What did Miss Hare teach him?

Lesson 2. What is a pronoun? In the first verse how are these pronouns used? In the second verse? Make a list of these.

How are they used in the third and fourth verses?

I saw him.
He saw me.
I love her.
She loves me.

He taught her.
She taught them.
Who is she?
Whom did you see?

Who are they? They are the children whom you love.

Explain the use of the pronouns in the sentences given above.

Lesson 3. Write a short paper on Tiny showing that he was kind and polite.

CHAPTER XVII. LETTERS FROM HOME.

Lesson 1. We all like to hear from our friends and it is very necessary for us to learn how to write well. Tiny's letter to his mother has a beautiful description in it.

You may write a description of some beautiful scene you remember. (Description.)

Lesson 2. Tiny's mother writes all the news of Squirreltown to her son who has been away so long.

You may write a letter to your friends making a little story of what has happened of interest during the week. (Narration.)

Do you understand the difference between the two papers?

Lesson 3. You may write your mother's name and address. Write the address of a friend in a distant city.

Write a letter to your father describing a visit to the park. (Description.)

Lesson 4. Write to your teacher telling her of your life out of school, your work, friends, pleasures. (Narration.)

Lesson 5 (pp. 114-115). Find the pronouns used as subjects, *I, she, you, he, they, it*. Use these pronouns in sentences.

CHAPTER XVIII. COMMON MISTAKES.

Lesson 1. Name the marks of punctuation you know. How many do you find on p. 116?

The room is warm.
Is the room warm?
How warm the room is!

These are three sentences. Each expresses a thought. The form of the first is used to express a fact. The second, to ask a question; and the third, to exclaim.

Notice how the punctuation helps us to read and to understand the sentences.

Lesson 2. Find a statement of a fact, a question, and an exclamation on p. 116.

What sentences are enclosed in quotation marks (" ")? Why are they used?

Repeat a conversation between yourself and your teacher using the marks of punctuation correctly.

Lesson 3. Have you ever heard "I ain't got no pen," "I

didn't have no knife," "He didn't have no money" and other like sentences?

The following are their correct forms:

I have no pen.
I had no knife.
He had no money.

Reynard learned that two *noes* make a *yes*.

Keep your ears open and make yourself use the correct form.

Lesson 4. To speak and write correctly we must listen attentively and practice speaking and writing until it is easy for us to use the proper forms. Make a note of all the incorrect forms you hear today and bring them and the correct forms to class. Do not be like Snowball, who pouted when Miss Hare corrected him. Remember what Miss Hare tells Tiny, p. 121, and soon you will get the right form.

The verbs *sit* and *set*, *lie* and *lay*, give us much trouble. *Set* and *lay* need an object. I *lay* my hat down. I *set* my basket down. *Sit* and *lie* do not need an object. I *sit* on the chair. The book *lies* on the desk. Make other sentences using these words correctly.

CHAPTER XIX. TINY'S NEW FRIENDS.

Lesson 1. Add the new animals mentioned in this chapter to your list. Dramatize:

Tiny Turtle Weasel Gopher

Lesson 2. What do we learn about the *goldfinch*, the *mole*, the *prairie dog*, the *tailor bird*, and the *badger*?

What animals have pockets?

Why is it well that all animals do not like the same places for homes? Do all people like the same places?

Lesson 3. Make a list of all the flowers mentioned in this book and find pictures of them for your note book.

Lesson 4. Write a story about your favorite flower.

CHAPTER XX.

Lesson 1. Have you ever seen a goose-quill pen? What are our pens made of? Birch bark is prettier than our paper. What is paper made of?

Notice the form of the business letter.

Write a letter to a nurseryman ordering trees, shrubs, and plants for your school garden.

Lesson 2. Write a letter to a mail-order house asking for things you would like to have them send you. Be careful to follow the examples in the lesson.

Lesson 3. Write a note giving reason for your absence from school yesterday.

Invite a friend to your birthday party next Wednesday.

Reply to an informal invitation to dine with a friend.

Lesson 4. Write a formal invitation in your own name (No. 8).

Write an acceptance and a note of regret.

Write a note to a friend who is absent from school.

CHAPTER XXI.

Lesson 1. Read the dialogue between Tiny and the Opossum. What does "playing 'possum" mean?

What does the Opossum like to eat?

What does he mean by the "point of view"?

Why would the fish have a different point of view about breathing from that of the squirrel?

Why do people often dislike others who are different from themselves? Would it be better if people were all alike?

What is the advantage in having many kinds of trees and flowers and insects and animals?

Lesson 2. Describe the work of the caterpillar in making his house.

Add to your list of animals, trees, birds, and flowers. Collect pictures and paste them in your note book.

What letter is omitted in *aren't*?

What does the (') in *bird's* tell us?

What letter is omitted in *couldn't*?

In *I'll*? In *'possum*?

Lesson 3. Notice the quotation marks in "Billy said that Snowball was 'playing 'possum.' Now I know what he meant" (p. 146).

The phrase, "*playing 'possum*," is a quotation within a quotation, so it must have single quotation marks.

John said, "My mother used to say 'A stitch in time saves nine,' and she was right." In what the author tells us we find a quotation within a quotation and we must show this by punctuation.

CHAPTER XXII. THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL.

Lesson 1. Mr. (*Mister*)

Mrs. (*Mistress*)

Misses

Miss

Dr. (*Doctor*)

Messrs.

Write sentences containing these abbreviations (short forms).

Add Mr. Goat, his daughter, Fannie and the Ferret brothers to your list of animals.

Lesson 2. Are there any "shifties" in your school? They are always behind and always neglecting their work and always blaming someone besides themselves.

Can you read Shifty's composition?

If Shifty could spell and punctuate correctly his composition would be excellent. Let us try to correct all the mistakes and write it correctly in our note books.

Lesson 3. Remember that we have learned some rules about capitals. What are they?

All important words in the title of his composition except *in* begin with capitals.

One Saturday Afternoon in May.

First, begin every sentence with a capital letter. The letter I, denoting a person, is always a capital. Omit the capitals when they are not needed. Put in quotation marks when

necessary. Use question marks when questions are asked and exclamations when strong feeling is expressed.

Lesson 4. Read each sentence aloud once slowly and correct the incorrect expressions. Mistakes are made in the use of pronouns, verbs and nouns. Correct faulty spelling. Use commas where words are to be separated from each other, and correct the wrong use of the apostrophe (').

Lesson 5. Tell the story of Tiny's graduation.

Can you imagine the beautiful bower where Miss Hare sat?

Compare Shifty's careless paper with Sammy's story.

How wonderful and interesting the earthworm, the katydids and the spiders are! The more we study and learn of nature's creatures the more marvelous they seem.

Notice the paragraphs in Sammy's composition. All the sentences about one subject he puts together; he has a paragraph about the ferrets, one about the earthworms, one about the katydids, and one about the spiders.

Remember this when you write a letter or a composition.

Lesson 6. Learn from Winkie Weasel never to write about a subject too big for you.

Tiny loved nature and sang his little song because he had something to say.

All children should try to write rhymes. Try to tell in rhyme about the baby, your mother, your games, or some funny experience you have had.

Lesson 7. Now that Tiny has studied he is a little more modest than when he made his first speech. He deserved the prize, the goose-quill.

Memorize the last sentence of the chapter.

We move on or we move back. Every victory gained reveals greater visions before us.

Write a paper describing some exercise in your school.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Lesson 1. Give a title to this chapter.

Have you ever attended the graduating exercises of a class in school? Write a description of them.

Lesson 2. Why was Tiny happy and sad when saying

good-by to his school? Who were his classmates? Have you ever thought what you owe to the public for your education?

How can you prove that you appreciate what is done for you?

Lesson 3. Describe the night in the woods and Tiny's adventure.

Lesson 4. Write a little play about your school life.

When you are writing a story and have one of your characters speak, you inclose his words in quotation marks. Read page 164.

If you write this page as a play you omit the quotation marks but show who speaks; as,

Tiny. Isn't the stag noble looking! What a big creature he is.

Winkie. He is very proud. He is also selfish, for he becomes angry if any other stag comes inside his family circle.

Tiny. Isn't it fortunate that we don't have to wear antlers? How funny you would look, Winkie, with horns and antlers!

Lesson 5. Explain the marks of punctuation in this conversation of Tiny and Winkie.

Give the rule for every capital letter.

Lesson 6. Imagine a conversation between a dog and a horse. Write it as a story (narrative). Why do we not meet these animals in this book?

Lesson 7. Write your story of the dog and the horse in dialogue.

CHAPTER XXIV. TINY'S RETURN.

This chapter has four scenes in it.

Lesson 1. Have two pupils, a boy and a girl, give the conversation between Tiny and Bushy.

What do you learn from Bushy about wildcats? What is considered a great age for a squirrel? How old is Tiny? How long has he been away from home?

Lesson 2. What is the second scene in this chapter?

How does Chatty show his joy at Tiny's return?

Choose two boys to give this scene in dialogue.

What do you learn of Chatty's character, by what he says?

Of what use are books and study to children?

Lesson 3. What is the third scene of the chapter? How do squirrels show joy?

How do you know when a dog is happy?

How does a cat show contentment?

Have you ever seen a squirrel act as Tiny's mother acted?

Write the conversation you imagine Tiny and his mother had on his return.

Lesson 4. Describe the scene where Tiny was made Mayor of Squirreltown. (Description.)

Do you think Tiny deserved this honor?

Lesson 5. What qualities should an animal have to be a good Mayor? Write your reasons for liking the story of Tiny Red squirrel.





